November 17, 1968: Inside the Great Schlock Contest Between Humphrey & Nixon:
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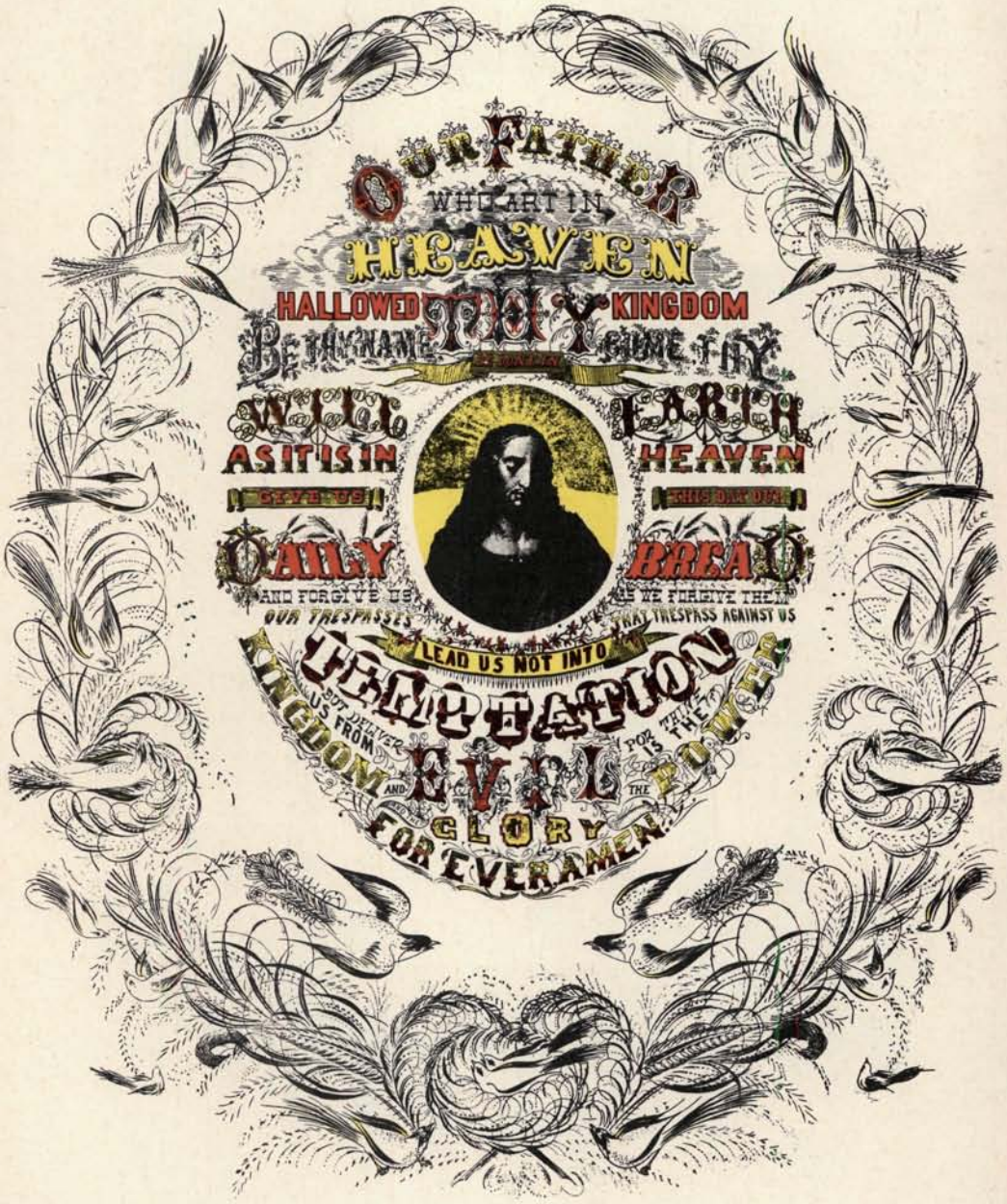

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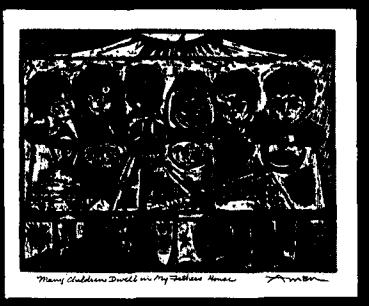
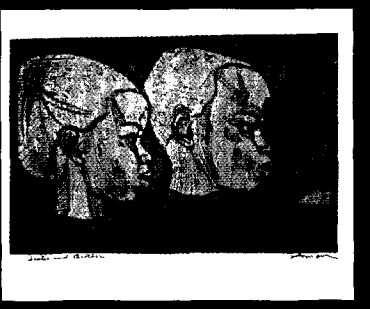
CONGO MOTHER AND CHILD
Appropriate for year-round use, this design is the work of artist/illustrator Don Miller. The quotation from Frantz Fanon: **"Every time a man has contributed to the victory of the dignity of the spirit, every time a man has said no to an attempt to subjugate his fellows, I have felt solidarity with his act."** No Holiday message. 6½ x 5¼.

SLEEPING INFANT
This beautiful card, a silk screen in shaded tones, is the work of artist Gregorio Prestipino. The message inside is a quotation from James Baldwin, **"The moment we cease to hold each other, the moment we break faith with one another, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out."** 7 x 4⅜.



MANY CHILDREN
This woodcut by Irving Amen is inspired by the biblical quote, **"Many Children dwell in My Father's House."** The message inside: Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for a New Year of Brotherhood and Peace. 6½ x 5¼.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE
As the result of many requests, Irving Amen offers this year a new woodcut of biblical derivation: **"In My Father's House are Many Mansions."** No message inside. 6½ x 5¼.



BROTHER AND SISTER
Also new this year, appropriate for year-round use, is Irving Amen's "Brother and Sister." The quotation, from James Baldwin: **"It is necessary, while in darkness, to know that there is a light somewhere, to know that in one-self, waiting to be found, there is a light."** No Holiday message inside. 6½ x 5¼.

BROTHERHOOD
The painting of Gilbert H. Harris in full color. The quotation from Anne Frank: **"I still believe that people are really good at heart . . . if I look up into the heavens, I think it will all come right, and that peace and tranquility will return again."** Message inside: Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for a New Year of Brotherhood and Peace. 7 x 4⅜.

THE CHILDREN OF RIO BUENO, JAMAICA (not illustrated here)
This silk screen of scratchboard was inspired by a visit to Jamaica and is also contributed by Don Miller. The quotation from Joel 2:28 **"... Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."** No Holiday message inside. 6½ x 5¼.

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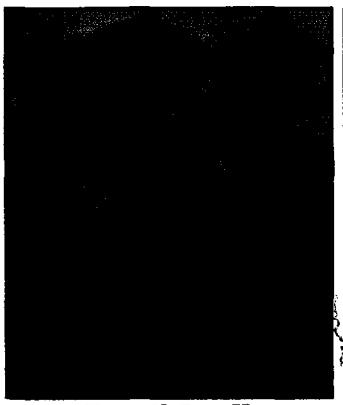
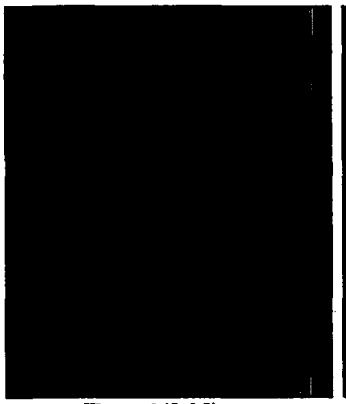
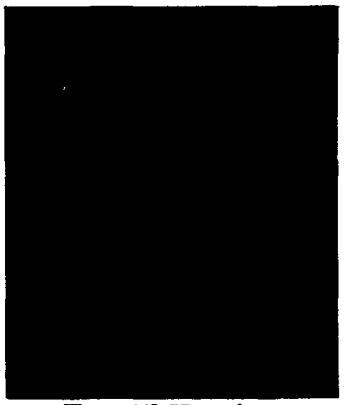


[Page 8] Part II

[Page 17] "Scab" Teachers



[Page 34] Nixon



[Page 41] Humphrey

Apologia:

THERE MUST BE EXCEPTIONS to every rule, you may say, but there seem few indeed to the proposition that the labor press in America is puerile, servile, sycophantic, propagandistic and politically either Whig or Know-Nothing.

As common as shopping news throwaways and just about as sophisticated, a plethora of blue-collar tabloids pollute the mailways weekly and monthly with the slop and cant of a fat, dumb and happy trade unionism that, sadly, long ago ceased to stand for any social position other than rooting for its own insular and often racist partialities.

After observing the recent labor rank-and-file goose step toward George Wallace, and knowing well the mulish insistence of the AFL-CIO's national mugwumps to continue promoting the Cold War as if it were the annual shop safety drive, it is a strain even to postulate faint hopes for the future of labor in its current condition. The exiguous number of liberal leaders is surpassed in paucity only by the count of altruistic landlords.

One escapee from that peculiar layer of hell occupied by the labor press is, or was, the Missouri Teamster, an old-fashioned-looking weekly published for the some 45,000 Missouri members of what is called Teamsters Joint Council No. 13, which has its main tepee in St. Louis.

Joint Council No. 13 is under the protectorate of Harold Gibbons, one of those rare men who have made it up the labor leader ladder without totally dropping both political principle and social conscience along the way.

Gibbons' editor, one Jake McCarthy, is a tough, wholesome-drinking Irishman who combines a good rewriteman's flair with the anxious moral conscience of a Catholic who takes seriously his Church's teaching on racial justice, just war and other such hand-me-downs from Hebrew radicalism.

Under McCarthy, the Missouri Teamster ran the expected domestic minutiae of labor in its news pages, but editorially rattled away at the Viet-Nam war while supporting the militant demands of St. Louis blacks. McCarthy also took an occasional poke at the Pope, ridiculed Missouri's Sunday blue laws, and in general came out on the left-hand side in most community controversies.

Such excessive displays of tolerance and principle won McCarthy the enmity of some powerful conservative forces within the Teamsters' locals, who subsequently played it like Whittaker Chambers' version of communists and gradually infiltrated the paper's executive board until, about two weeks ago, they had enough votes to force McCarthy out as editor.

Missouri Teamster

Serving 42,000 Missouri Teamsters and Their Families

U.S. Is Not Telling Truth On Viet Nam

Election Scheduled For 500 Next Week In Centralia Plant

Vote Set At Hart's Bakery For Local 574

Local 21 Votes Dues, Initiation Fee Increases

Ozark Election

It sounds a little like high school, but the issue was whether McCarthy would be allowed to write his view of the Chicago convention (he played labor tackle on the ace RAMPARTS flying squad there) since it was presumed, correctly, that he would be rather anti-cop.

Gibbons immediately appointed McCarthy to an administrative position in the union, which was something like relegating Joseph Pulitzer to a desk at the United Nations. And that's all there is to it for guts in the labor press.

But the Teamsters' loss becomes RAMPARTS' gain. After McCarthy washes off the tar and feathers, he will moonlight as a RAMPARTS consulting editor for labor, marking the inception of serious and regular reporting on the labor movement in this magazine, and for that matter in the country, since it is impossible to find any consistent source of regular, sophisticated labor reporting except occasionally in the pages of the Wall Street Journal or Business Week under the know-your-enemy principle.

McCarthy will write the labor folios in a greatly expanded domestic news and world reporting section we plan to inaugurate in the next issue, Deo volenti and caveat emptor. So, if you care, you can count on knowing where the bodies are buried in labor, and/or just who in particular should be buried. —W.H.

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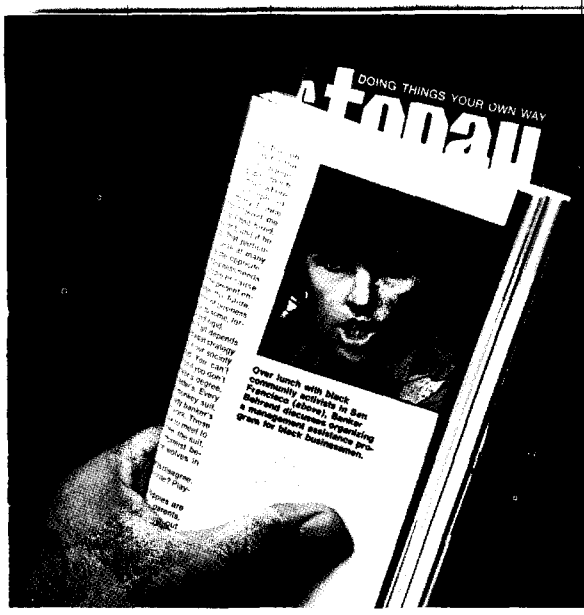

"You can't just sit on the outside and bitch. If you don't like something, by God go in and change it."

So says Del Behrend, an angry brunette who rose out of the first rumble of student protest. Del is an officer of the world's biggest bank, The Bank of America. In *Careers Today* magazine, she tells how her job has become a tool of change, creating economic freedom for blacks, for women, for young entrepreneurs with innovative ideas. She shapes the system to her own values.

A bold guide to tomorrow

While some idealists are getting their heads broken, others drop out, go limp, turn helpless. But all, even the calm majority, worry about tomorrow, often in secret, wondering how they can shape the future by doing things their own way.

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How to pick your opportunity

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That's the reason for *Careers Today*—to help the student to choose, to help the young know when to stick it out or bug out of the wrong job, to help the employer understand. *Careers Today* is about the investment (and reinvestment) of human capital. Even if you're over 30, you will find *Careers Today* a fund of information and insight.

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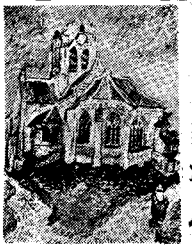

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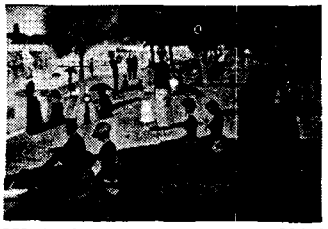

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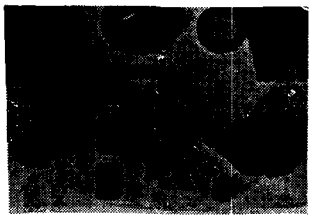

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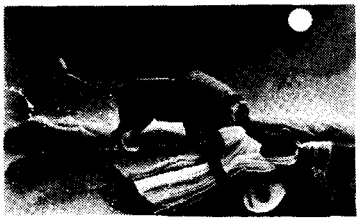

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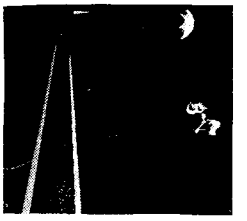

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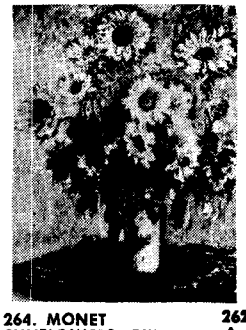

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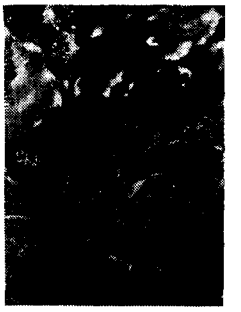

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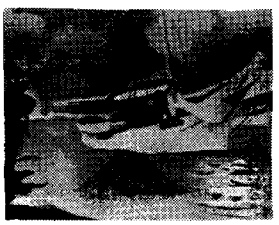

238. HOMER *SLOOP, BERMUDA.* Silkscreen on ***artists' canvas*** in full color. 15" x 21½". *Pub. at $12.00. Only* **2.98**

270. MONET *HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.* Silkscreen on ***artists' canvas*** in full color. View from London Bridge. 20"x22½". *Pub. at $20.00. Only* **6.95**

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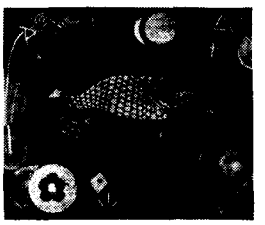

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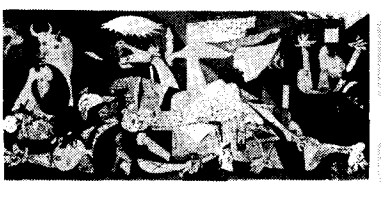

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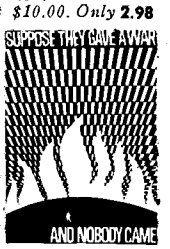

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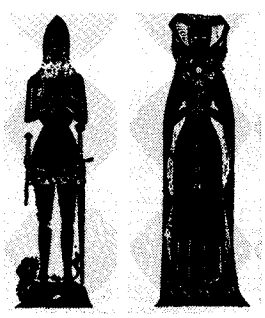

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[Part II]

Selections from the Biography of HUEY P. NEWTON by Bobby Seale

[INTRODUCTION]

THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES *are from a forthcoming book on the Black Panther Party and its founder, Huey P. Newton, by Bobby Seale and Eldridge Cleaver. In the opening sections* [RAMPARTS, *October 26*], *Seale, Chairman of the party, described his early associations with Newton, the founding of the party and the development of its basic tenets.*

Those sections described the Panthers' arming themselves, their "patrols" of the Oakland police, the growth of a revolutionary viewpoint, and events leading up to the group's armed visit to the California State Capitol in 1967, which gained it national attention, and which is described here.

Newton is now in prison in Vacaville, California, convicted in a controversial decision of the "voluntary manslaughter" of an Oakland policeman. The "Free Huey" campaign is currently a principal concern of the Black Panther Party.

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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THE DEATH OF DENZIL DOWELL: THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY IS CALLED TO NORTH RICHMOND.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY got called to come to Richmond by the Dowell family. They had heard of the Black Panther Party over in Oakland. Mark Comfort came down to the office at 56th and Grove, and told us that the Dowell family would like for us to come over because Denzil Dowell had been killed in Richmond by a Contra Costa County deputy sheriff.

Well, we went out there that day and saw the Dowell family. We were in our Panther uniforms. We talked to the family, and they began to explain all the details about how certain people had said they heard ten shots, and the papers, the local media there, was saying that it was only two or three shots that were fired. And how the coroner's office had originally told them he was shot nine or ten times, but the police department said he was only shot once or twice. How the pigs had lied about Denzil Dowell, the brother, telling about how he was trying to burglarize some place. And his brothers, Carl Dowell and George Dowell, explained how the pigs knew Denzil by name, because they had arrested him a number of times. The pigs had made threats that they were going to get Denzil. It was just a cold-blooded killing of a black man out there. Some pigs were trigger-happy and wanted to shoot somebody.

They explained all this to us. Then the family took us over to the site where they killed brother Denzil Dowell, and showed us just where the bullets hit certain walls and the direction they came from and how the pigs lied and said that he ran and jumped a fence. The blood was 20 yards away from the fence. They must have dragged his body over to the other side, and then over another fence. The blood was in two different places. We were investigating, and a lot of black people in the black community there came out. They had noticed us Panthers, with our guns and everything. I guess there were ten or twelve of us who went out there together and went through the whole process of investigation, of looking over what had happened, and listening to the information that people were giving that contradicted all the crap that the pigs and the newspapers had run down.

We were standing on the corner there in North Richmond. There were about 150 people around, some in cars, some standing across the street. Some of the younger brothers, fifteen, sixteen, some twenty years old, were asking us about the guns, and we were explaining to them about the Black Panther Party. That the Black Panther Party was a revolutionary organization that was going forth, organizing in a revolutionary manner to get black people's basic political desires and needs answered. That we intended to use revolutionary principles, and that one of the tools of liberation is the gun. All of a sudden, some sister hollers out, "Uh, oh . . . here come the *cops*."

When the sister hollered, Huey jacked a round off into the chamber of his 18-inch shotgun with a loud click and clack. When he did that, I just unhitched the strap that held the hammer down on my .45, and it clacked too. People started moving back. Some of them went across the street. Some got in their cars and drove up the street. Then the pigs came on down and Huey stepped to the curb. I followed Huey and stepped to the curb, a few feet down from him. The pigs were surprised all of a sudden. They looked and noticed who's ready and standing tall for them. The pigs kept driving, drove right on off—in fact, they speeded on up and drove on away. Then the people moved on back, and some of them jumped around across the street, figuring there was going to be a shoot-out, but we just stood tall, ready to defend ourselves. We were educating the people that we would die here for them. This was the position we always took with brother Huey P. Newton.

We told the people there that we were going to have a rally that coming Saturday, on the corner of Third and Chesley, right down the street. We said we'd run down and educate them about the fact that we'd have to start using guns to defend ourselves, because the racist pig cops were coming to our community and murdering our brothers and sisters. Brother Denzil Dowell was killed, and we'd found information out about two, three other brothers who'd been shot up back in December, in North Richmond there. The brothers had been shot in the armpits, which clearly showed they had their arms over their heads. Two brothers killed in December, and this is right around April 1st that Denzil Dowell was gunned down by those pigs. Huey told them we were going to have a rally concerning this, to tell the people it was necessary for us to arm ourselves—that we must have a political party that goes forth with revolutionary tactics against these racist dog pigs, who occupy our black communities like foreign troops occupy enemy territory.

So we went forth to have this rally that Saturday, and we got about 20 brothers together with their pieces and their uniforms. We had the rally right there on the corner of Third and Chesley. We got guns and a force to defend ourselves. Ain't no pigs going to come down here and stop our street rally. We're going to exercise our Constitutional rights to free speech. And we're just going to have a rally right here on the corner. Most of North Richmond don't have sidewalks at all. But for that section on the corner there, in front of this liquor store, there's an eight to ten foot sidewalk between the curb and the store. We got right out there on the corner, and all the brothers out there in this community saw us with the guns. We lined up all along the streets.

IMAGINE AN INTERSECTION NOW, of two streets crossing each other. On one corner we put four, five brothers and they were spread out about 20, 30 feet from each other, coming around the corner. On the corner across the street we put a brother on the corner, then two brothers down from him, 30 or 40 feet apart. Then on the corner where Huey and I were speaking, right there in front of the liquor store, we lined that corner up going east and west. Then we lined the other corner up as you go north and south. So the whole intersection was lined up with Panthers, all up and down the corners, going north, east, west and south on both sides of the streets. And we had our guns, shotguns, pistols and everything.

The people began to line up and brother Huey told me to go ahead and start blowing. So I start blowing to the brothers there, running down to them about the ten-point platform and program, what kind of organization we had now, about the fact that brother Denzil Dowell had been killed by some racist dog gestapo pigs. And the fact that

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we must begin to unify and organize with guns and force. That the Black Panther Party had come to North Richmond, and the Black Panther Party is there to serve the people, it's going to be a black people's party. It's getting ready to use revolutionary principles, to educate black people in revolutionary principles, to educate them and also to put the principles in practice, in arming ourselves in the community and driving these racist pigs out. I guess about two, three hundred people gathered up around. In fact, people in cars just stopped, and the whole section, like on the one side of the street there, was just a line of cars. And on the other side, coming right up to the intersection, there was another line of cars. Some cars were still moving, by going on the other side of the street, driving up the wrong side of the street.

I was blowing there, and then all of a sudden they start sending some sheriffs in. The people had noticed that we were there, we were there with our guns, we were back again. So we blew, and then the pigs start driving down the streets, the sheriff's pigs. So Huey whispered, he said, "Run it down about the pigs, Bobby. About how we're going to hold this street rally, and how we're going to exercise our right of free speech. No pig's going to stop it." And he said, "Tell them about the reason why no pig's going to stop it. It's because we've got guns and force here to protect ourselves, to protect the people."

So I run it down to the brothers, and pointed to the pigs, and the pigs got nervous. I noticed one of the pigs stopped across the street and sat there, and started listening. Four of the brothers came across the street and surrounded the pig car, standing about nine, ten feet away from it. One brother had a .357 Magnum, Warren Tucker had a .38 pistol hanging on him, and Reginald Forte had a 9 mm. pistol. One brother didn't even have a gun and he got up there too. Then the pig got nervous, and he started trying to light a cigarette, but the cigarette just fell out of his hand, with all these people looking at him. The black people had guns and force, ready to deal with the pigs, and the pig just couldn't take it no more, he couldn't light his cigarette he was so nervous, he just up and drove away. The people yelled and raved at the fact.

Huey P. Newton had placed the notion in their minds that we organize. I think the people respected the fact that Huey had all of them brothers organized, because he had them all stationed up and down the streets, covering the intersection, guarding the lives of the black people, while we go forth to organize the people. They respected this organization that Huey put down. Huey put down a form, a discipline, that the gun was for our protection, and not for no bull-jive. So the pig had to split.

Another pig was sitting there. This other pig came up in a car and some of the people's cars moved along. But one man said, "Well, I ain't moving my car. I'm going to sit here and listen." And this cop got caught in between the cars and he couldn't move and he had to sit there and listen to everything. He couldn't do nothing. And that brother didn't move his car. He had a Cadillac too, and him and his woman were sitting in the Cadillac, sitting right at the head of the intersection. So this pig's car was right in between, and he couldn't move, he just had to sit there and listen, and look at 300, that's right, he had to look at 300 mad niggers—mad at the pigs for killing Denzil Dowell. And 20 Panthers out there armed with guns, disciplined, standing 30 or 40 feet apart, on every corner of the intersection. So it was tied down.

And the people dug it and they say, "Right on." And Huey went on and blew to the brothers and sisters and told them how we're going to get organized and how we're going to start using guns and force in an organized and disciplined manner. In a very revolutionary manner we're going to go forth, and we're going to defend ourselves against any racist attacks. These pigs get down wrong and we're going to drive them out and blow them away, every time we catch one of them trying to get down wrong. And we're going to patrol these pigs, we're going to patrol our own communities, even the old people are going to have to patrol from their homes and houses. And everybody has to have a shotgun in their home, everybody. Then George Dowell blew about how his brother, Denzil, had gotten murdered by them pigs. So we scheduled another meeting. We said we were going to have another meeting over on Second Street, and Huey said we're going to block the whole street off, and ain't no pigs going to be allowed up the street . . . *at all.*

SO WE HAD THIS SECOND Richmond rally, and three or four hundred people came up. They drove their cars all up inside the street, and brothers got on top of cars and top of roofs all up and down the street, from one corner to the next, and it was a pretty long block. The whole street was cluttered with cars. We were at one particular address, where I think some relative of George Dowell lived. This was all right around the corner from George Dowell's mother's home. All the people came around and we had applications there for people to join the party. And I guess just about everybody out there joined the party that day, from little young fourteen-year-olds and twelve-year-olds. We let twelve-year-olds in the party too. Huey'd say we have a junior Panther. But these young brothers are not allowed to have guns—they go to black history classes and other kinds of classes, to learn revolutionary principles, because Huey understands that the youth are going to be the ones that are going to mold the country, especially if they have the right principles and the right direction.

We blocked the whole street off. Brother Huey blew, I blew, brother Eldridge Cleaver came over and he blew to the people, and the people dug it, and the people signed the applications.

One incident happened there. I noticed that one of the brothers moved some four, five guns to one of the corners. We were midway in the center of the block. Some more of the extra brothers had been moved down to one of the corners. The corner on the north end. The brother explained to me, I was blowing at the time, that one of the pigs came up at the corner down there, so the brothers blocked the street off. One of the pigs was sitting there. So a couple of other brothers went over to a vacant lot and stood with their M-1's and 30-.06's, looking at the pigs' car. They couldn't have been 30 yards from the pigs. Stood staring right at the pigs' car, and the pigs looked around and one of them saw another brother walk up near his car, and stand there almost like at parade rest, but with his hand just a few inches from his .357 Magnum. And the pig looked at him when he got up there, then he looked at his partner, and he said, "That's a .357 Magnum he's got!" And when he said that, the pig turned his engine on and he got out of there and didn't come back.

Then a helicopter came around. We

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Erotic art, portraying every aspect of physical love, is an age-old tradition in the East, created as a matter of course by the great masters of India, Persia, China and Japan. The most important examples still extant are in this book.

In the West, erotic works by famous painters and sculptors have as a rule been hidden or even destroyed by the artists themselves or the trustees of their estates. But in the Orient, where erotic art is rooted in sexual iconography of Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist and Shinto ritual, the portrayal in fine art of the most intimate and diverse sexual acts was (until the 19th century victory of Western missionaries and colonial codes) accepted as not only wholesome and proper but often as an expression of religious piety.

Take for example the Japanese shunga albums, described and illustrated in *Erotic Art of the East.* These are the traditional Japanese equivalent of the Western marriage manual. Instead of cold scientific diagrams, they are emblazoned with creative sexual art by major Japanese artists. Study of the shunga was long considered in Japan an essential part of a good, upper-class education. As late as the 1930's it was still the practice in some traditional Japanese department stores to include a shunga volume in the corner of a chest-of-drawers purchased for a prospective bride.

Nevertheless, Eastern taboos on the representation of sexuality in art can sometimes be as perplexing as our own. To study these pages closely is to discover that in China the artist was free to depict nakedness and coition, but not the female foot. In Meiji Japan, every detail of coition could be graphically portrayed in art, but total nudity could not be shown.

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blocked off the whole street and held a people's rally, with power, gun power. Gun power's the only thing that backed it up. So all they could do was send a helicopter over, flap, flap, flapping all day long to try and bother us. This time it wasn't only the Black Panthers who came, but other people came there, with their rifles, with their guns, and with their pieces. I noticed some older brothers come out and they were shaking hands with a lot of us, and they had their pieces under their shirts. They just carried them concealed. And some sisters. One sister came out and jumped out of her car with an M-1. We saw the black community people getting uptight and ready. And the helicopter kept flapping over and Huey pointed up at the helicopter as it was going over and says, "Always remember that *the spirit of the people is greater than the man's technology*." And the people said, "Right on." I remember we got way over 300 applications. This was before we went to Sacramento.

The community people got together and George Dowell's sisters and brothers and friends got together and began to have a regular session. And everyone would come to the meeting with the people of North Richmond. The brothers had their guns on. They were tired, sick and tired, and they loved brother Huey. They thought brother Huey was out of sight. He was a beautiful leader, and Huey began to instruct them on many things, on many ways they can go about dealing with the real problems. One of the sisters brought up the problem at one of the nightly sessions that one of those schoolteachers beat up and slapped down a couple of black kids in school. She wanted the Panthers, the Black Panther Party, to go to the school, and she was going to get a lot of mothers and parents to go to the junior high school where her kids went. We all got together and scheduled it for that Monday.

On Monday we took three carloads of Panthers down to the school. All of them were armed down to the gills. We got out of the cars with our guns and stood on the sidewalk. Right at the sidewalk there's a fence to the schoolyard. All the little black kids ran over to the fence, and all the little white kids ran away from the fence, and went and hid somewhere inside the school. Then the mothers came driving up. They went inside the school building to patrol the halls of the school. They patrolled the halls during this lunch hour situation, and went and told the principal that they didn't want any more brutality upon their kids in the schools. "We're concerned citizens, and we'll whip your ass and anyone else's that we hear of slapping our children around."

After about 20 minutes, while the mothers were patrolling the halls, the pigs drove up. This little, young, rookie, jive pig, trying to look mean and thinking he was bad or something, he walks up to the car, and when he walks up to the car, the brothers were sitting there in the car, looking back at him, 'cause Huey had trained his brothers, don't be moving, moving in no rash manner. And they got shotguns, four motherfuckers, M-1's. He looks in the car and sees all these pieces and he moves back in a hurry. He got all nervous. "Wha' . . . wha' . . . what the guns for? What the guns for?" And I think Huey said, "We're the Black Panther Party, why?" "Uh, uh, da, da, doo, do you have any license? Do you have any driver's license?" And Huey gave him his license.

"Well, you're Huey P. Newton."

"Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton, of the Black Panther Party." And the pig was just shaking. He didn't know what to do, so he gave Huey his license back and went and got on his radio and called up another pig. They kind of hung off, away from us, looking and not knowing what to do. Shook, because there's too many niggers and too many guns down there for them.

They called another car up and the principal of the school come out, and was trying to talk to the pigs. Their cars were parked a little way out in front of the sidewalk that leads into the door of the school, about 30, 40 yards or so behind ours. All they could do was sit there and wonder. And that's all they did was sit there and wonder. We went there with the mothers and they patrolled the halls for the lunch period, and then we left.

ABOUT FOUR, FIVE DAYS LATER, they called us up at the Panther office and said there was a session going on out there, up in the Sixth Street office over in Richmond, concerning the fact that the DA of the county had better do something, had better charge these cops who killed Denzil Dowell.

Me and brother Huey and a number of other brothers all got together and walked off into the meeting there, with our guns. This DA was sitting there and he looked up and saw Huey; he saw Huey with that big shotgun. The pig can see that Huey's shotgun carries a whole lot of rounds. And Huey had a bandolier holding 26 shotgun shells across his chest. Huey had double-O buckshot, and the pig was definitely checking Huey out. Huey was decked out in the Panther uniform and he simply walked in and sat down, and the brothers and the sisters who were there talk about this pig, this DA. Talk about him like he was nothing, and running it down about how rotten he is, and he's trying to give off some verbal sincerity.

The people saw Huey, and they felt it was no time for them to be taking no shit because here's a man that we respect, here's a leader. He's armed down to the gills and he's articulate, and he knows what he's talking about. Like they're ready to jump over there and snatch this DA's throat out, concerning this whole situation and how Denzil Dowell was killed. So we blew the dude away, and told him he wasn't doing nothing, wasn't serving the people, that he was jiving, that he was a swine, and that he wasn't intending to do nothing for the people, etc.

But he came up and started talking about, why don't you go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department, up in Martinez, and if you go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department in Martinez, maybe you can get some results there. So the people say, "We're going to go to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department in Martinez." The mother and the father and the Dowell family wanted us to go to Martinez, and since we're a people's party, we generally go along with what the people want to do, to serve them. Especially if we think it will help them to raise their interests and unity, and get support and try to begin to attempt to change the system. So, we say, "Yes, we'll go to Martinez, with the brothers and sisters here. We're concerned about this here. The Panthers will definitely be there."

Somebody called the sheriff's department from the meeting and told them we were coming up and that the people wanted to come up and speak to them. The district attorney had to back it up. I think the people put so much pressure on him that he made the appointment for them within the next two or three days.

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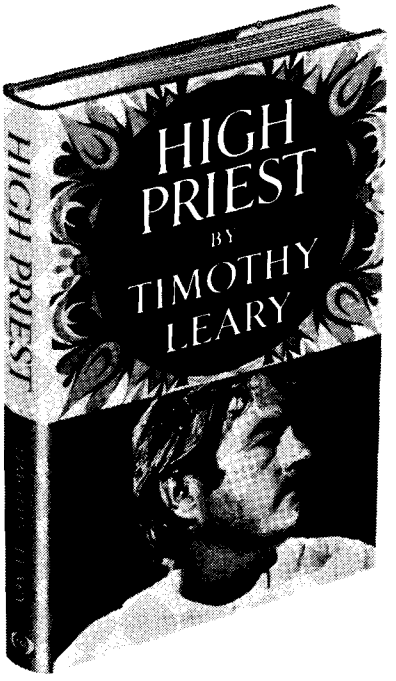

"In the beginning was the TURN ON. The flash, the illumination. The electric trip. The sudden bolt of energy that starts the new system. The TURN ON was God. All things were made from the TURN ON and without him was not any thing made."

The high priest of the psychedelic religion takes his first book-length trip.

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I did not wander barefoot forth from Mexico preaching the word. I flew back to Harvard University and started a research project.

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They made him make the appointment, right there at the meeting. They wouldn't let him get out of there till he made the appointment. That's what it was. He saw all these guns, and the people's power, and the people ready for Huey to use this gun on him anyway, and knowing Huey, he'll defend the people. They say that one thing we're going to get out of you is that you make an appointment for us right now. And so right on the spot there they got a phone, and made him get on the phone and make an appointment.

So we loaded up in our cars, the community people of North Richmond and Black Panther officers and members, and we headed for Martinez. A couple of carloads of brothers, and three or four carloads of community people, going to the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department. When we got there, they had sheriffs standing all down the doorways, and sheriffs all around. The brothers drove up, and the first six brothers got out. I think there were three shotguns, and two or three M-1's and one brother with a pistol. I drove around the block, but Huey got out. The sheriff's car came up directly across the street, right at the corner. He jumped out of the car, took his key out and unlocked that little thing that holds the shotgun in it. He got his shotgun out and jacked a round off into the chamber of the shotgun. When he did that, Huey just stopped and looked at him, and the brothers were kind of in line, right behind him, doing the same thing that Huey was doing, looking at the pig.

Soon as the pig jacked that round off, Huey jacked a round off. And the brother next to Huey jacked a round off, and another brother jacked a round off, and another. And the only sound the pig heard was, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, clack-cup, right down the line. The sheriff looked at these Panthers jacking these rounds off, took his shotgun, ejected his round out of the chamber, locked his shotgun back up, got back in his car, and drove away. That was the baddest set on the scene. I don't know who he thought he was. Those other sheriffs standing at the door were amazed and surprised, because Huey turned right around and turned on them, and walked up to the door. And they said, "You can't go in with no gun." And Huey said, "What do you mean, you can't go in with a gun? This is public property. This is people's property. We have a Constitutional right to carry guns, and anywhere on public property anybody can carry a gun. So we're going to go in with some guns."

"If you go in we're going to arrest you."

So Huey says, "OK, I'll tell you what we do. We take one brother who's going to volunteer to go in and take the arrest, because we're going to make a test case out of the fact." Huey knew the law very well, knew that they couldn't charge anyone with coming on public property with guns, because public property is paid by the people's taxes. And since we have a right to have guns, a Constitutional right, they can't charge anybody. So we're going to make a test case, and we're going to send a man in with a gun.

BROTHER REGINALD FORTE SAYS, "Here I am, brother." He jumped forward. As he jumped forward —to go in with the gun—the pigs all blocked up, about six of them. We were about 12 or 13 feet from the door, inside the building. Reginald was getting ready to go into the elevator, and the pig says, "No, you can't go in. No guns upstairs." Reginald Forte starts saying, "All right, now look, let me go in, I'm going, I'm ready to go in." As Reginald Forte attempted to go in the elevator, six pigs stood shoulder to shoulder, holding themselves against him. Reginald Forte has his shotgun with him. He walks right up to them and bumps right up into them. The pigs wouldn't move, and Reginald Forte says, "Let me go in." He walks away and says, "What's the matter?" Then he walks right back, right up to them again, and bumps into them and says, "Will you get out of the way, so I can go through the elevator? What are you doing blocking the passageway where people go through?" And he bumps into them again. And the pigs are just standing there. Then Reginald Forte moved to go up the stairs, about five feet to the side. He moved to go up the stairs and some more pigs were bunched up together there. He bumps up into them and says, "Hey, what's the matter? Get out of the way so I can go in."

They just held tight, and wouldn't let nobody go by. Another pig comes up and I think he's talking about he's a detective of the Martinez City Police, and if you need somebody to protect your rights, etc. He was talking to Huey. He's talking about, "Who's the leader here?" And I say, "Huey P. Newton is." "Well, if you need somebody to protect your rights," he says, "well, the police department, the sheriff's department, will protect your rights." Huey P. Newton said, "We don't need racist pigs who murder and brutalize us to try and protect us, because we know you're brutal murderers. Get away from me. I can protect my own rights, because I have my own gun."

At this point Huey got to arguing with him, and one of the pigs stepped on Huey's feet. Huey pushed him off and said, "Get off my feet. Who do you think you are?" Then this little jive, just to show you, he tells us, "I can protect your rights." And all of a sudden the pig says, "Well, I think that all these people are disturbing the peace, that's what they're doing, and we're just going to have to place somebody under arrest." Huey got to telling about, "*You're* disturbing the peace," and Reggie was over there bumping into these pigs, driving his body into them, saying, "Move so I can go up," with a shotgun in his hand.

Obviously, they weren't going to let anybody go up. So I call Huey back. I said, "All right Huey, come on." I say, "Let's go back in the car, let's put the guns up, and go up here for these people because the people do want us upstairs, and the sister there is explaining that she wants us to go upstairs." I think she wanted us to bawl the head sheriff out. So we went back and put all our guns in the car. We locked up our guns in the car and went up to the brothers and sisters upstairs. We left one brother outside to guard the guns.

We got upstairs, and me and brother Huey and brother Eldridge were all sitting there, listening to this fool. One of those hog of hogs, with his fat belly hanging over his belt. Talking about how he cannot do anything for us, that he does not make the laws, and the best thing that we could do was go to Sacramento, to the legislature, where the laws are made. He kept trying to pass off some verbal sincerity, and trying to double-talk somebody. Brother Eldridge Cleaver got up and explained. He said, "'Look, brothers and sisters, this pig, this swine here ain't going to do nothing for us. This swine is double-talking and jiving. We know he don't care about us so

Continued on page 49

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A new "scab" teacher with his students during recess at Ocean Hill-Brownsville PS 144.

"Scab" Teachers

by Sol Stern

Photographs by Ann Douglass

OUTSIDE THEIR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL at the northern tip of Manhattan, in the middle-class Inwood area, two lines of kids stood waiting. One group was almost all black, the other was white. The white kids were going to be taken to a "freedom school" at a synagogue a few blocks away, which had been organized by striking teachers. The black kids were being ushered into the regular public school by teachers who were breaking the strike. One of the nonstriking teachers, furious at the sight of the two lines, ran up to one of the striking teachers and said, "This is the most vicious, destructive thing that's ever happened to this school." The striking teacher screamed back,"Scab!," and some parents threatened to get the dissenter fired when the stike was over.

To the surprise of most people, New York City made it through the summer of 1968 without a major riot. Nevertheless, paranoia and race hatred seemed thicker than ever in the lingering hot, sticky summer air that smothered the city during all of September. The teachers were on strike again, and Bronx housewives sat in front of their sweltering apartment houses, muttering about the blacks "trying to take over."

After the strike at a Brooklyn school, even the youngest black children had to walk a gauntlet of police nightsticks to get into their school, and a black parent outside the line of police and picketers denounced what she termed the "Jewish Mafia," which she said was responsible for such conditions. She was referring to the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), 55,000 strong and probably the most powerful white-collar union in the country. The ethnic makeup of the teachers union, which is two-thirds Jewish, has led to an exaggerated perception in the black community of it's being simply a "Jewish union." And cooperating with the union during the strike was the Council of Supervisory Associations, which represents all principals and assistant principals. It is also predominantly Jewish.

In a school system where over 55 per cent of the children are non-white, it is little wonder that there is a sense of inequity, and that black and Puerto Rican parents and activists are trying to get a little more say about their kids' educations, in the same way that the Jews of 30 years ago had to confront the resistance of the Irish who then dominated the school system. Now the high proportion of Jewish names among the organizations in direct conflict with the black community has heated what is basically a black-white dispute into even uglier racial overtones. And to its discredit, the teachers union, particularly its president, Albert Shanker, fanned the flames by sensationalizing the issue of anti-Semitism in order to solidify and rally support from the powerful New York Jewish community.

[TROUBLE IN BROOKLYN]

THE TROUBLE WAS CENTERED in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville section of Brooklyn, a miserable stretch of slum dwellings connecting the two large ghettos of Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville. Ocean Hill-Brownsville resembles Berlin after the war: block after block of burned-out shells of houses, streets littered with decaying automobile hulks.

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When teachers in the area's schools ask the younger kids to draw pictures, many of them turn in drawings of burning buildings, since that has been one of their most vivid experiences.

Ocean Hill-Brownsville has no shopping facilities or movie houses, and transportation is lousy. But there is still a fairly well-developed community spirit and a plethora of block organizations, parents' groups and poverty programs. In the spring of 1967, under the sponsorship and financing of the Ford Foundation, the parents met to elect a governing board for the school district. It was to be one of three demonstration projects in the city to experiment with the idea of decentralizing New York's mammoth, centrally directed educational system. Almost from the beginning, however, the governing board, and therefore the parents, found itself opposed by the UFT.

Almost forgotten as the crisis escalated into an ugly racial confrontation were the origins of the dispute—the 19 teachers and supervisors dismissed (or "transferred") six weeks before the end of the last school year by the local governing board. The union says the governing board acted without cause, and went beyond its legally constituted authority; in retaliation, it pulled 400 teachers out of the district's schools, practically crippling the instructional program. Over the summer, a retired judge acting as an independent trial examiner declared that there was insufficient evidence brought by the local governing board against the teachers, and the city's central board ordered the local board to reinstate them. Not only did the board refuse, it recruited several hundred new teachers to replace the union teachers who walked out in support of the original 19. The refusal of the local board to accept what appeared to be impartial arbitration put the onus of unfairness on it, but the roots of the disaster lay basically in unwillingness on the part of the Central Board of Education and the City of New York to define clearly the powers and legitimacy of the local board. In an unclear and confused situation, the local board believed firmly that it was hammering out its own mandate.

By the beginning of the school year the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district had an almost entirely new staff, and its schools were open and functioning. Many of the original 19, as well as most of the union teachers who walked out in sympathy, have since voluntarily transferred to other school districts, but the union claims that 83 of the remaining teachers wish to return to their old assignments. The union called the city-wide strike to pressure the Central Board of Education and the mayor to use their power to force the local board to rehire these teachers. After several abortive settlements, the teachers were finally sent back to their schools under massive police protection, but the local governing board said it would not assign the teachers to regular classroom duties.

The union says the issue is due process for teachers and the protection of hard-won rights of job security and tenure. It invokes the ethic of militant trade unionism, civil liberties and professionalism against what it calls the dangers of "vigilantism" and disruption of the learning process by politically motivated black militants. Against the claims of many in the black community that the strike is racist, the union has mustered support from liberal intellectuals and labor leaders. The teachers, say their supporters, have one of the country's most progressive unions. They organized freedom schools in Prince Edward County in 1963 and in Mississippi in 1964; they sent a large contingent of teachers to join the march initiated by Martin Luther King in support of the sanitation workers of Memphis, and they were one of the only unions in the country to actively support the Poor People's March.

In any event, could a "racist strike" be supported by such people as A. Philip Randolph, Bayard Rustin and Michael Harrington? It could and was.

["JUST TAKE CARE OF THE TROUBLEMAKERS"]

TEACHERS UNION HEADQUARTERS occupies several floors of a modern office building on Park Avenue South in lower Manhattan. It was there that the union teachers from Ocean Hill-Brownsville lodged their complaints whenever trouble flared in their schools. The day after the end of the strike, a dozen teachers, all white, reported frantically from Intermediate School (IS) 55: the principal had asked them to leave "for their own safety" when several student demonstrations, some led by militant black teachers, broke out in protest of the teachers' enforced presence at the school. The teachers were frightened and angry as they mingled in the hallway outside UFT President Albert Shanker's office. While waiting to see him, they let their hair down a bit.

James Owens, a rugged-looking man in his fifties, who recently retired from a government job and became a shop teacher, huddled with two younger colleagues. Someone mentioned that the cops had beaten up one of the black students during the demonstration. Owens replied, "Look, if the cops were let alone—if they roughed up a few more of those kids—all this wouldn't have happened. There's no problem teaching in those schools if we could just take care of the troublemakers."

Mrs. Waxman, a librarian from IS 55, joined the conversation: "I've been teaching in that school for ten years. I helped start the experimental district. We wouldn't have any trouble if all those militants, the Sonny Carsons, the Fergusons, the Ralph Poynters, the Leslie Campbells, hadn't taken over. Leslie Campbell teaches his kids not to steal jackets from each other; he tells them to go get a piece, to go get ready for the war. The poverty program is paying for people like that to teach kids how to kill. How do you go about getting an investigation of the poverty program started?"

The reactions of these Brooklyn teachers are not atypical, although they don't fit the union's chosen image of itself as civil-rights conscious and racially liberal. On the picket lines outside the schools during the strike, you could hear the "law and order" argument over and over again: praise of the cops, denunciation of black militants. When teachers made picket signs for a demonstration at City Hall, they spontaneously used the slogans, "End Mob Rule in the Schools" and "Stop Teaching Racism in Our Schools." Black members of the union's executive board were furious. The implication, they said, was that local black control of schools means mob rule and racism.

"Backlash" makes you think of Irish dock workers or Polish and Czech steel and auto workers. But caught in the cross fire of rising demands from the black ghettos in which they work, and confronted by the necessity of adapting to black authority, white middle-class N.Y. teachers may quietly vote for George Wallace. How that came to be is a case study not only in middle-class liberal racism but in the degeneration of a once exciting union.

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[THE NEW "SCABS"]

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN even the idea of a union for teachers was revolutionary. It was resisted by conservative "professionalists," who disdained trade union principles. Those who fought for the establishment of teachers unions were considered radicals and civil rights activists; they saw the union not only as a force for winning rights for teachers but as a progressive, liberalizing force within a stagnant trade union movement. In those early days it was the most adventuresome, the most socially conscious New York teachers who fought the union's battles and took the chances. The first teachers' strike in 1960 brought out only about 7500 teachers to walk the picket lines and jeopardize their jobs. The teachers with the civil service mentalities, those most concerned about job security, were the ones who crossed the picket lines. Today the situation is reversed: the success of the union in winning collective bargaining rights for all teachers has made it the instrument of job security, and now the conservative and the mediocre have become the union's majority. Now it is the radicals who break the picket lines. It is the conservatives, afraid of the black community, panicked about their jobs, who shout "scab" at those who oppose the strike.

One of these "scabs" is Sandra Adickes, a tall, blonde English teacher, who not only crossed the picket lines during this year's strike, but who also joined parent groups to force the reopening of closed schools on the Lower East Side. A nine-year veteran union activist, she walked the union's first picket lines and helped to organize the Mississippi freedom school. Now, like many blacks and idealistic younger white teachers, she is leaving the union. "I don't think the traditional trade union concept is any longer relevant," she says. "In six years the UFT has become middle-aged. When I started in 1960, it was relevant. We were making $4800 a year and the union did a good job in improving conditions. But there's no pioneering trade union spirit here any more. It's all bread and butter, salaries and working conditions and job security. It used to be that young girls would teach for a few years hoping to marry a doctor or lawyer, but now they're marrying other teachers—you see them holding hands at meetings—and with two salaries they are really doing well. But their apathy is appalling.

"And now they're afraid of blacks and violence. They live in their little worlds, in middle-class enclaves. They automatically see blacks as hostile. They know blacks have suffered and they are afraid they are going to take it out on them. They know they are mediocre, that they're not doing a good job. They think someone is going to find out and get them out."

[A SOCIALIST LOBBY]

BUT DESPITE THE DEFECTION of teachers like Sandra Adickes, the union still affects a progressive image. This is partly due to a small but well organized lobby of social democrats and Socialist Party members grouped around Bayard Rustin and Michael Harrington who, in effect, act as a public relations lobby for the union.

An interlocking directorate between the teachers union and various New York social democratic organizations could easily be charted. Union President Albert Shanker was himself once a member of the Young People's Socialist League and is now a member of the board of the League for Industrial Democracy (LID), a socialist education organization. Charles Cogen, who preceded Shanker as UFT president and groomed him for the job, was once Socialist Party candidate for City Council. One of Shanker's two executive assistants, Sandra Feldman, is the wife of Paul Feldman, editor of the Socialist Party organ, New America. Shanker's administrative assistant is the wife of Max Shachtman, a mentor of Harrington and Rustin and the chief ideologue of one of the more esoteric old left sects. Rustin, Harrington, Paul Feldman and Tom Kahn, the executive director of the LID, are all personally close to Shanker and serve as a kind of "kitchen cabinet" for his union.

When you name all of the above, you have just about exhausted the active ranks of the moribund conservative socialist movement in this country. There is nothing subversive about the relationships, although they do provide an insight into the sources of intellectual support the union drew upon during its conflict with the black community. During the strike, major New York newspapers carried expensive full-page ads by two groups who supported the union's version of the dispute. One ad was signed by 25 white liberal intellectuals, who advertised under the rubric of an Ad Hoc Committee to Defend the Right to Teach. The address listed on that ad is the same as that of the LID and the committee's co-chairmen are Michael Harrington, chairman of the board of the LID, and Tom Kahn. The other ad was signed by black trade unionists solicited by the A. Philip Randolph Institute whose executive director is Bayard Rustin.

"The United Federation of Teachers," says Rustin's ad, "has made clear it accepts decentralization and will cooperate in its implementation." "Decentralization is *not* the issue," says the Harrington ad. "Decentralization of the city schools is under way. The United Federation of Teachers has pledged its full cooperation to make the reorganization succeed." Both ads claim that the issues are not racial—"The overwhelming majority of black teachers are supporting the UFT strike," says the Rustin ad. The issue, says the Harrington ad, "is understood by black and white teachers alike—which explains their strong solidarity."

This was all an ingenuous bit of shilling for the union—as well as a deliberate falsehood. The racial split within the union on the strike and on the union's opposition to any meaningful decentralization is a matter of public record. One week before the Harrington and Rustin ads appeared, a black caucus was organized within the UFT to oppose the strike. A press release was issued in the name of five of the six black members of the union's 50-man executive board, plus the only two black elected officers, denouncing the strike. Most of the black teachers who stayed home during the strike did so only because of the cooperation received by the union from the supervisors' association, which ordered its members to lock the schools. Only in those areas where sufficient community and parent pressure could be brought to bear were the schools opened, and in these schools most of the black staff members reported for work. The ads do not even mention this unusual collusion between the union and supervisors, or the use of the lockout—traditionally an employer's weapon. And the ads conveniently ignore the history of the unions' frantic lobbying activities against an important decentralization bill at the state legislature—one of the shadiest aspects of the whole story.

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[TEACHER POWER IN ALBANY]

IN ALBANY LAST MAY, A SIGNIFICANT decentralization bill had been offered to the legislature by the State Board of Regents—the highest educational policy-making body in the state. Supporting the legislation were some of the most impeccable members of the establishment—the Ford Foundation, the state commissioner of education, the mayor of New York City. But in the legislature itself there was only a small handful who were in favor of the regents' proposal—all of New York City's black assemblymen and a handful of liberal reformers. Most of the other legislators were either indifferent or afraid of backlash sentiment. A determined effort by the handful of pro-decentralization legislators, which included threats of a sit-in in the governor's office to hold up his legislative program, succeeded in convincing legislative leaders and the governor to support a compromise decentralization plan. The compromise plan was still strong enough, containing broad powers for local boards. The plan also stipulated that local boards could fire teachers only for cause and only after "due process" protection for any accused teacher.

The passion aroused by a single piece of legislation that would have reorganized the administration of education in the City of New York can only be understood against the general background of the disaster of public education there. The struggle for school integration had turned into a total fiasco because of the resistance of the white community and the impossibility of integrating ghetto children into white middle-class schools. Ghetto schools, in the meantime, were in a state of extreme deterioration. Overcrowded, full of the violence and turmoil of the ghetto, they were staffed by administrators and teachers from an alien culture who looked upon their work as combat duty. The result was that the schools were run as semi-reformatories, and learning was nil.

It was out of this bleak situation that the demand grew to give the minority communities a chance to run their own schools. New York is the first city to face this conflict, but it is clear that it is an issue of national proportions, and its rumblings will soon be heard in most American cities.

When the issue was in the balance, the teachers union came to Albany with a huge lobbying effort to kill the decentralization bill. The union spent close to half a million dollars to bring over 500 teachers and parents to Albany. They descended on the legislature like a swarm of locusts—using backlash arguments and threatening wavering legislators with political opposition at the polls. Shanker directed the whole operation from the office of Assembly Speaker Anthony J. Travia. The union president said that there was a "hoodlum element in the schools" that would be let loose if decentralization passed. Union leaflets passed out to legislators warned that with decentralization, local school districts would be operated "on the basis of local prejudices based on color, race or religion." It was obvious that the teachers were appealing to racial fears; those who stood fast on decentralization were called "black power advocates." At a rally of the lobbying teachers in Albany, Shanker said, "If the regents' bill passes I will follow every legislator around who voted for it and kill them politically."

One of the leaders in the fight for decentralization was Jerry Kretchmer, a thirty-four-year-old quick-talking assemblyman from Manhattan's West Side. Kretchmer angrily recalls the teachers' tactics in Albany. Fifty or sixty teachers at a time would crowd into his office, berating him for his stand and warning that decentralization would lead to chaos. The confrontations grew increasingly heated as the teachers threatened to campaign against him, but Kretchmer held his ground. At one point he told a group of teachers that if "decentralization leads to a year of chaos, I am prepared for it. *There's no education in the schools anyway.*" At that, an infuriated teacher spat in the assemblyman's direction.

With this sort of overkill, the teachers easily succeeded in stampeding the legislature. A bill introduced by conservative Republican Senator John J. Marchi was passed, in effect putting the matter off for another year. During that year, all power to decentralize specific districts was delegated to the New York City Central Board of Education. This was hardly a threat to the teachers, since the board, fighting for its own bureaucratic prerogatives, was totally opposed to decentralization.

Having won the legislative battle in Albany, the teachers returned home and engaged in an additional and unprecedented act of piggishness. Shanker was determined that the legislators who opposed the union on decentralization should be punished in a way that would impress the legislators with the union's political power. At the union's delegate assembly, held just before the state's Democratic primary, Shanker urged that the union "undertake an intensive campaign to support those legislators who supported its position in Albany and to defeat those who did not." This resolution put the union in support of some of the state's most reactionary legislators and in opposition to most of New York's black and liberal legislators. The resolution passed easily.

Shanker then proceeded to collect a slush fund of thousands of dollars and to take off after the political scalps of the pro-decentralization legislators. A Shanker associate confides that the union made a political distinction between those legislators who voted for decentralization because they came from predominantly black constituencies and those who supported it as independents. The union patronizingly excused the former; the latter it vindictively tried to destroy. One of the latter was Assemblyman Jerry Kretchmer, whose district is 55 per cent Jewish, 12 per cent Irish, 12 per cent Italian, with the remainder white Protestant, Puerto Rican and black. Running against Kretchmer in the primary was Thomas Daubner, an old-line Democratic Party hack, a former ally of the old Tammany chieftain, Carmine de Sapio, and a hawk on the Viet-Nam War. The union first threw Daubner a $1500 cocktail party at the Park Sheraton Hotel, to which it invited all the teachers in the district. Then it sent out a letter on union stationery to all the teachers, a document which Daubner eventually used as a valuable piece of campaign literature. The letter said, "Mr. Kretchmer is the voice which preaches chaos in the schools. He would give local school boards the right to hire and fire teachers. He would promote Ocean Hill-Brownsville throughout New York City. I urge you to vote for Daubner. He supports the UFT's decentralization plan."

The letter was signed by Albert Shanker.

Teachers also went into the district to canvass against Kretchmer, and they organized a telephone campaign to reach all the voters, telling them, "Kretchmer is for black power." Asked to comment on such tactics, Dan Sanders, the union's public relations man, said, "Well, Kretchmer *is* a black power advocate. Every organization supports and opposes people. It's perfectly legitimate for us to do that. And we're going to

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continue. In the future we are going to be even more active in the political arena. We can't survive otherwise."

[REDEFINING SURVIVAL]

SURVIVAL *is* THE REAL ISSUE at Ocean Hill-Brownsville. But given the way this socialist-led trade union has now defined "survival," it is not particularly surprising that an increasing number of black leaders have been drawn to the conclusion that for the black community's survival they must somehow break the power of the union. True, some white teachers have been treated summarily at Ocean Hill-Brownsville, but that is not an unusual occurrence in the vast reaches of the New York school bureaucracy. The union is constantly asked to intercede on behalf of teachers who have been pushed around by supervisors or summarily transferred out of their schools for political reasons; the union usually does not fight very hard.

The New Coalition, the minority anti-Shanker caucus in the union, has documented hundreds of these abuses. In one not atypical case, Michael Levien, a young radical and union member who had been teaching for two years at Junior High School (JHS) 52, an integrated school in upper Manhattan, was told after months of harrassment by the principal and his department chairman not to return to the school the following year. Levien's only offense was helping the students organize an anti-Viet-Nam protest off school grounds. He went to the union leadership for help, but they refused to exert any pressure on the principal—let alone call a strike in order to get him reinstated. Only action by parents sympathetic to Levien, in the form of a sit-in in the district superintendent's office, succeeded in forcing the principal to change his mind.

But the union did want to dispute the action taken regarding the teachers at Ocean Hill-Brownsville, and pulled all of its 55,000 members out in a strike that crippled the entire system. The issue here was closer to its heart: the forced transfers were massive and public. (It is important to remember, however, that at no time did any of the teachers lose a day's pay. They were merely ordered to the Central Board of Education for reassignment to another district.) Embattled all year in a running dispute about its powers both with the Central Board of Education and with the union, the local governing board decided to flex its muscles. Instead of finessing out the undesired teachers as is normally done in districts all over the city, or waiting for the teachers to leave voluntarily (as many were doing), the local board announced their action in a press release which said that the teachers were "dismissed"—without notice. According to published reports—which the local board has not denied—the Central Board of Education even offered to transfer the teachers quietly during the summer, but the local board was determined to make the matter public.

[ANTI-SEMITISM AND BACKLASH]

IN TERMS OF THE OVERALL BATTLE for decentralization, the seemingly crude and arbitrary action by the local board against the teachers was a blunder. It played right into Shanker's hands by making the union seem the aggrieved party. Shanker quickly seized the opportunity, stirring up the membership with scares about job security and the specter of teachers at the mercy of black extremists. Every incident of anti-Semitism was played up by the union chief. At one meeting he said, "If community control, as we see it at Ocean Hill-Brownsville, wins, there will be 'Jew Bastard' signs and swastikas in all the schools." Whenever it could, the union made sure the press understood that most of the dismissed teachers were Jewish. The president of the 26,000 member Jewish Teachers Association, Dr. Herman Mantell, jumped on the bandwagon with widely publicized charges of anti-Semitism by the local governing board. Mantell also attempted to pressure the Ford Foundation into withdrawing financial support from the local board, saying in a letter to the Foundation, "I, and those to whom I have spoken, are beginning to have doubts about the anti-Semitic influence in the Ford Foundation and/or some of its officers and/or directors in their persistence in allocating funds to the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Demonstration Project which we have charged with anti-Semitic prejudices in its dealings with the educational personnel."

The charges of anti-Semitism and black racism spread hysteria throughout the New York Jewish community. Left unnoticed was the fact that most of the replacement teachers hired were white and Jewish. Thus obscured was the fact that the governing board's move was aimed not against white or Jewish teachers but against *union* teachers who, the board felt, used their union's power to obstruct the governing board and its appointed leadership from carrying out their policies in the district schools.

[SHANKER'S DOMINO THEORY]

THE UNION HAD VERY STRONG CHAPTERS in Ocean Hill-Brownsville when the new governing board took over in 1967, and it almost immediately tried to assert its influence. Teachers representing the board immediately came into conflict with the community members of the board over the issue of the hiring of a new unit administrator. The governing board chose Rhody McCoy, a black principal from outside the district, rather than the teachers' candidate, Jack Bloomfield, the white principal of Junior High School 271, Ocean Hill-Brownsville. The board chose five new principals, three blacks, one Puerto Rican and one Chinese. (They were, incidentally, the first Chinese and Puerto Rican principals in the school system.) But none of them was on the approved civil service list, so the teachers' representatives staged a protest walkout at the board meeting. Later, in September 1967, when the board refused to support the city-wide teachers' strike which shut down the public schools for 14 days, the teachers resigned from the board.

Having severed all connections with the local governing board, the union teachers came into increasing conflict with the new black administrative leadership of the district's schools. Teachers loyal to the governing board, both black and white, accused the union of using guerrilla tactics against the experiment. At JHS 271, the largest school in the district and the source of the most intense conflict, the principal, Jack Bloomfield, left in the middle of the year, taking 30 teachers, all the assistant principals and five of the six secretaries with him.

But he left behind a strong union chapter headed by Frederick Naumann. Naumann had a very special relationship with the old white principal; he only had to teach two classes per week, and spent most of his time on union business. When the new black principal, William Harris, took over in February,

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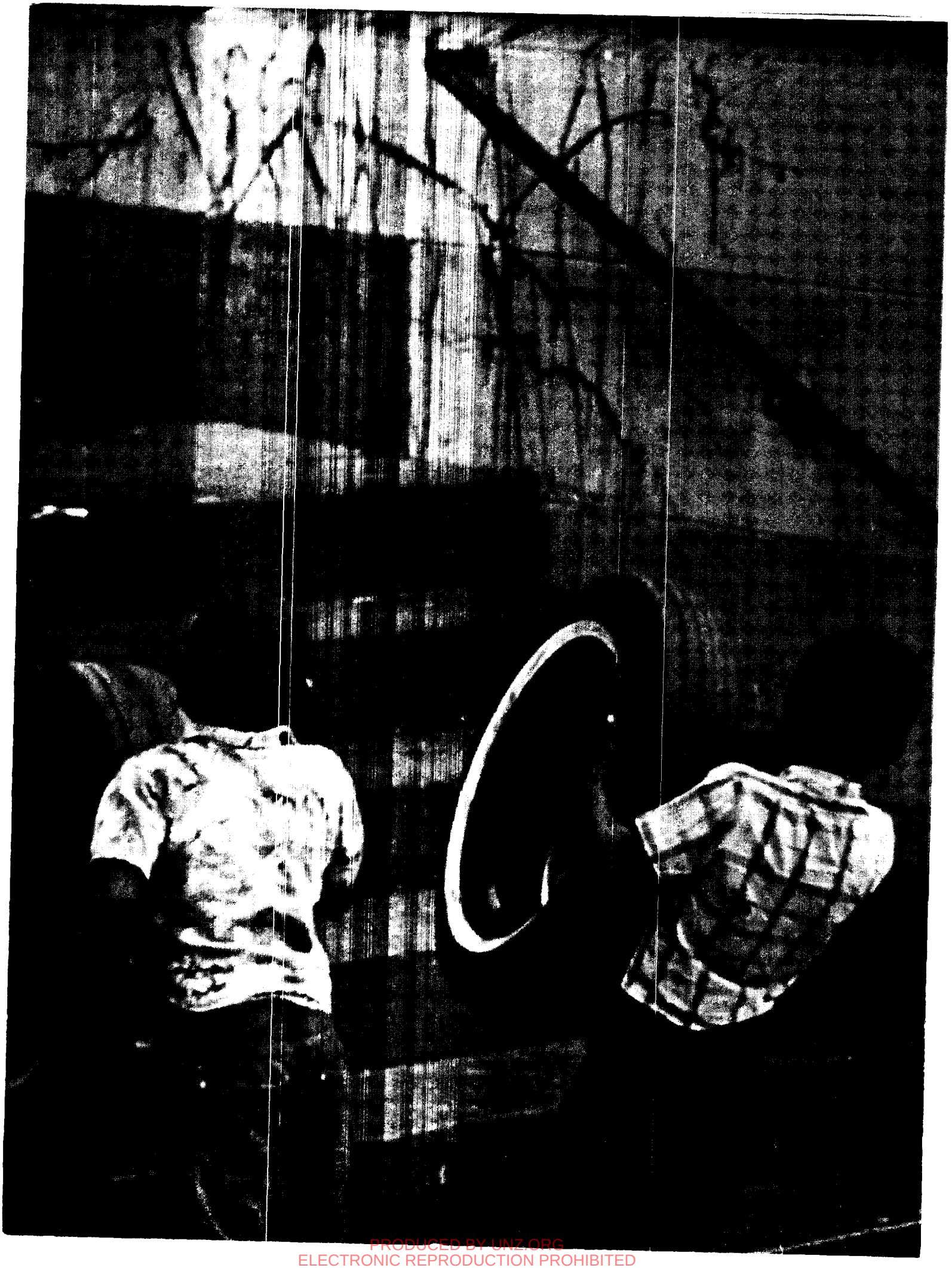

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there was an immediate conflict about the prerogatives of the local chapter. Many of the members of the union felt more loyalty to Naumann than to the new principal. JHS 271 was in a turmoil all during the spring semester, and the governing board, rightly or wrongly, felt that the problems of discipline were being deliberately created by the white union teachers in order to prove that the experiment in community control, over which they no longer had substantial influence, was a failure. When the governing board finally acted, Naumann was one of those dismissed.

For President Shanker, however, Ocean Hill-Brownsville was one battle in a larger war. "Shanker," says UFT Vice President John O'Neill, "has a domino theory. He thinks that what happened in Ocean Hill-Brownsville will happen in 30 districts if it isn't stopped there. His basic philosophy is power. If he can destroy Ocean Hill-Brownsville, then no other district will try the same thing. They won't try to exercise their power to hire and fire for fear the union will destroy them."

The single-mindedness with which Shanker pursued his power struggle with the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board is indicated by the treatment meted out to O'Neill, the only white member of the union's top leadership who had reservations about the strike. When O'Neill publicly denounced Shanker's threat to call another strike in October and proposed instead a compromise settlement, Shanker convened the union's executive board and had O'Neill fired from his $13,000 per year staff job with the union.

One of the reasons that O'Neill had reservations about the strike is that as vice president in charge of junior high schools, he was one of the union representatives dispatched to Ocean Hill-Brownsville last May when the conflict over the teachers erupted. O'Neill was appalled at the prospect of teachers being forced upon the Ocean Hill-Brownsville community by police force. He wanted to back away from a confrontation that he felt would permanently put the union on a collision course with the community, and at JHS 271 he sounded out Rhody McCoy, the district superintendent, on the prospects of reaching some compromise settlement. McCoy, also trying to avoid a direct confrontation with the union, seemed receptive to talks and even suggested the possibility of some sort of impartial hearing for the teachers. O'Neill, wishing to head off an escalation of the struggle, immediately got on the phone to Shanker, telling the union president that he saw the prospects of a settlement in what McCoy had said. Shanker replied, "Fuck you. I want those teachers in the classroom now."

Thus, from the beginning, Shanker had no intention of giving de facto recognition to the governing board through direct negotiations. Throughout the conflict, his strategy was to use the union's power to cripple the entire system as leverage to force the mayor and the central board to discipline and break the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board.

[COMMUNITY CONTROL OR UNION CONTROL?]

THE EVENTS AT SCHOOLS like JHS 271 prove that Shanker's actions do at least stem from an acute if limited sense of self-interest. Successful community control would radically affect the power of the union both at the chapter level and at the top. At the present time, when the union chapter at a school is strong, the chapter chairman is sometimes the most important person in the school, next to the principal. Union members are answerable only to the administration of the school, which in turn is caught up in a central bureaucracy and is careful not to rock the boat. Community control would mean a new explosive element that the union member has to become accountable to—parents, particularly angry poor parents, and community influences, sometimes politically threatening. "Professionalism" is the teacher's defense against the newly threatened accountability demanded of him, and the union shields him from that prospect.

Of course decentralization and community control are no panacea for the disaster of urban public education. There is not yet any piece of objective evidence that community control leads to better education, and it would be easy to be cynical about the motives of the Ford Foundation in pushing decentralization. It gets politicians such as Rockefeller and Lindsay off the hook for the failure of education, and takes the heat off of the ghetto schools by turning the militants over to the black bourgeoisie to handle. A lot of middle-class blacks, those with civil service mentalities, are supporting decentralization for no other reason than the career opportunities it provides.

Yet, as one community activist said, "Ghetto schools are so bad—you could close them all now for the next year and it wouldn't have any effect on anyone." White, centrally controlled schools mean in effect not only no learning but an atmosphere of fear and alienation for teacher and child alike. Community controlled schools, as anyone who visited Ocean Hill-Brownsville must know, at least provide an atmosphere of warmth and dignity. I asked two fifteen-year-old girls who had graduated from JHS 271 last year, and who thus had lived through that school's agonizing transition from white to black control, what the difference was between the two principals. One of them said, "Well, Mr. Bloomfield used to hide in his office all day—whenever there was trouble he would send one of his assistant principals to check it out. He was like a scared mouse. Mr. Harris we could always see. And when he took over he asked all the classes to elect a delegate to come and meet with him and tell him what our complaints were. I remember once we asked Mr. Bloomfield if we could play soul music in the cafeteria during lunch, and he said no because there would have been riots. But Mr. Harris, when he came in, let us have the music and everything was OK—there was no trouble."

The issue is power—not due process and vigilantism, or anti-Semitism. Who shall exercise power in the schools, who shall make educational policy: the community through its elected representatives, or the union hiding behind the facade of "professionalism?" Obviously there will be dangers of violations of the civil liberties of teachers. Obviously there is anti-Semitism in the ghetto, and some of it is directed at teachers. But a community can't be made sensitive to those concerns by fiat or by police power. Had the union fought for strong decentralization, with adequate legal safeguards for the rights of teachers, had they cooperated with the local governing board at Ocean Hill-Brownsville in making decentralization work, they would be in a better position today to protect their members in the ghetto. As it is, the union's behavior has undoubtedly increased anti-Semitism in the ghetto and increased the black community's contempt for the average union teacher.

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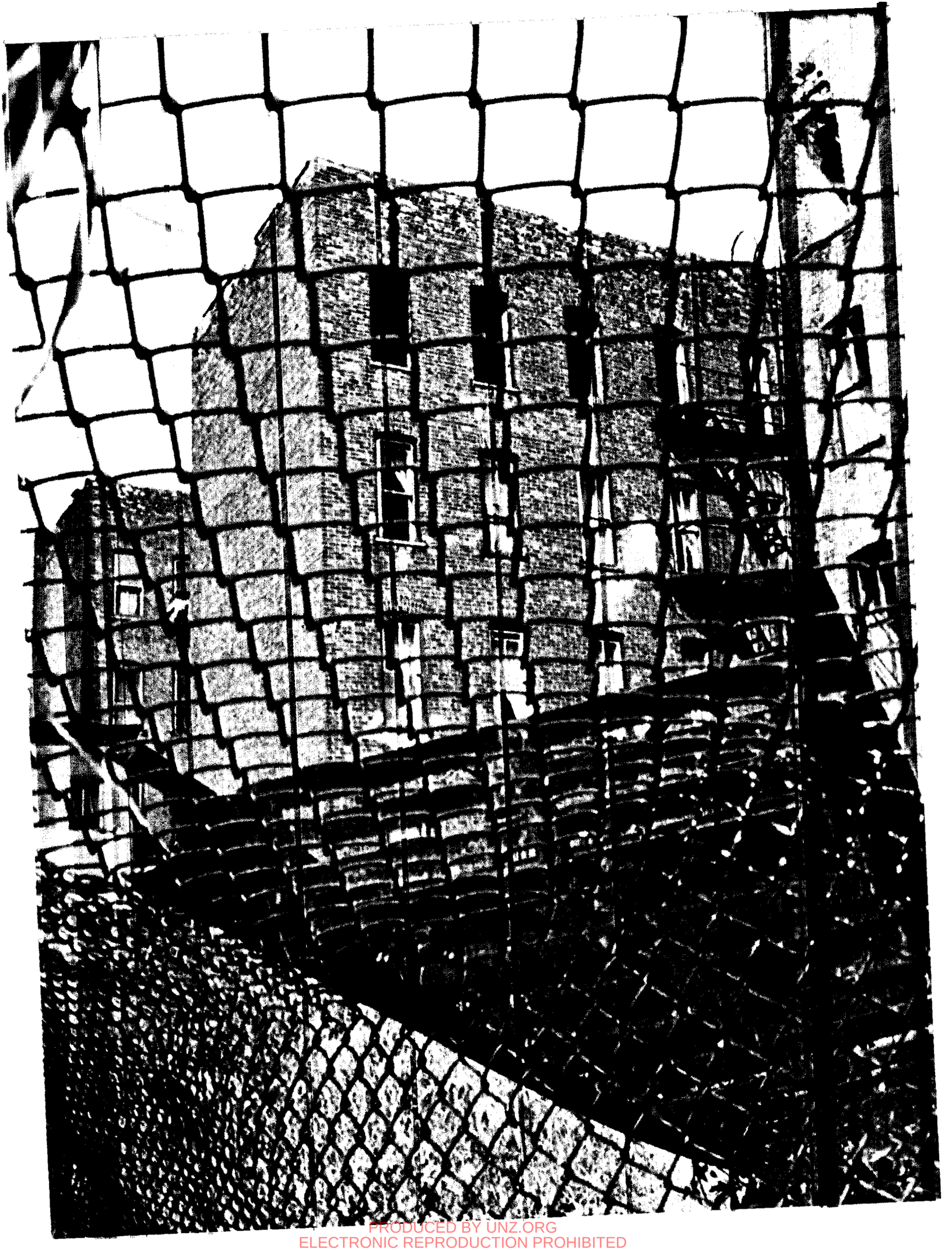

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THE CHAIR OF SOCIOLOGY

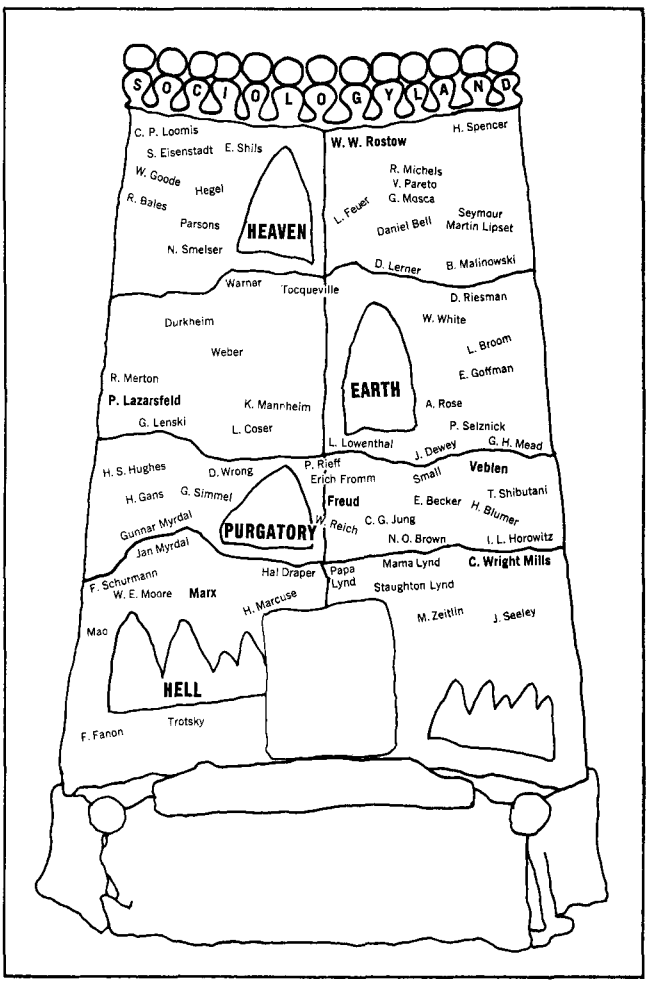
YOU CAN'T WRITE ESSAYS ABOUT David Wise's art; you have to sit in it and talk about it.

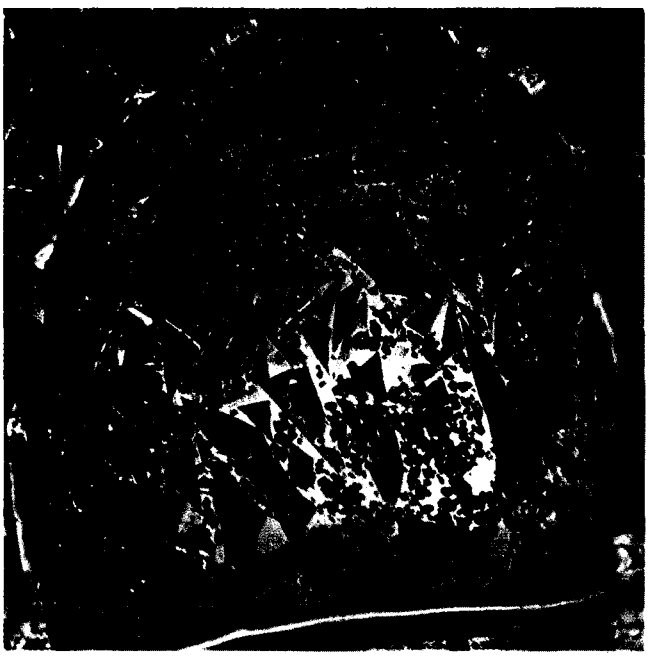
"What's that, man?" demands a sharply dressed, bereted black kid. "That's art, brother," his friend hisses. "Don't you know art when you see it?" "Man, I don't know anything about art, but that's far out."

"That" is The Chair of Sociology, 14 feet of bronze, filagreed with a blowtorch, inlaid with stained glass, and strewn with an assortment of 85 rough human forms, each one bearing a name. Presently on exhibit in the lobby of the Student Union at the University of California at Berkeley, it is soon to be shipped for display at Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts. The Chair is the biggest effort yet by sculptor David Wise [see RAMPARTS, November 1967], second-year graduate student at UC and a teaching assistant in sociology. Originally sculpted as an unsolicited, surprise contribution to the 1967 convention of the American Sociological Association, The Chair caused instant controversy at its first appearance.

"What's this heaven, earth, purgatory, hell business?" sociologists asked one another. "Look," came a reply, "it's a map of the sociological universe. Some sociologists are in heaven, flying around as angels, and others are in hell depicted as devils. See, there's Seymour Martin Lipset up top and there's Herbert Marcuse down there in hell." "But why am I up there?" asked Robert Merton, a professor of sociology at Columbia. No one could discover an explanation for David's placement of individual sociologists, but professors climbed all over The Chair looking for their own names and trying to discover the principles of order in David's sociological universe.

The Chair of Sociology elicits pleasantly bewildered responses in its present resting place at UC. "Ooo," one little red-headed hippie girl bubbles, "that's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It looks like something medieval. Can I sit in





Photographs by Jeffery Chan and Kent Young

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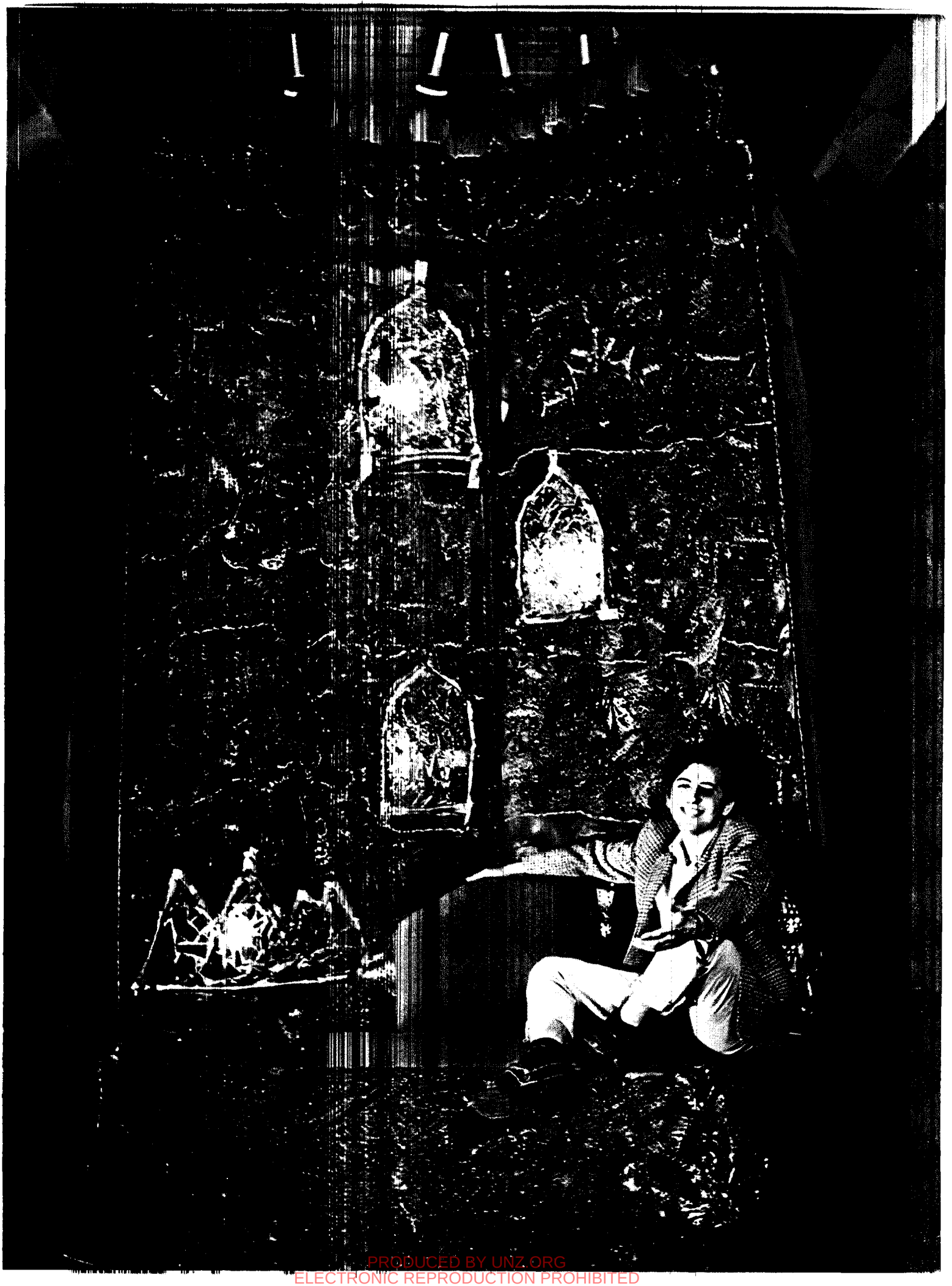

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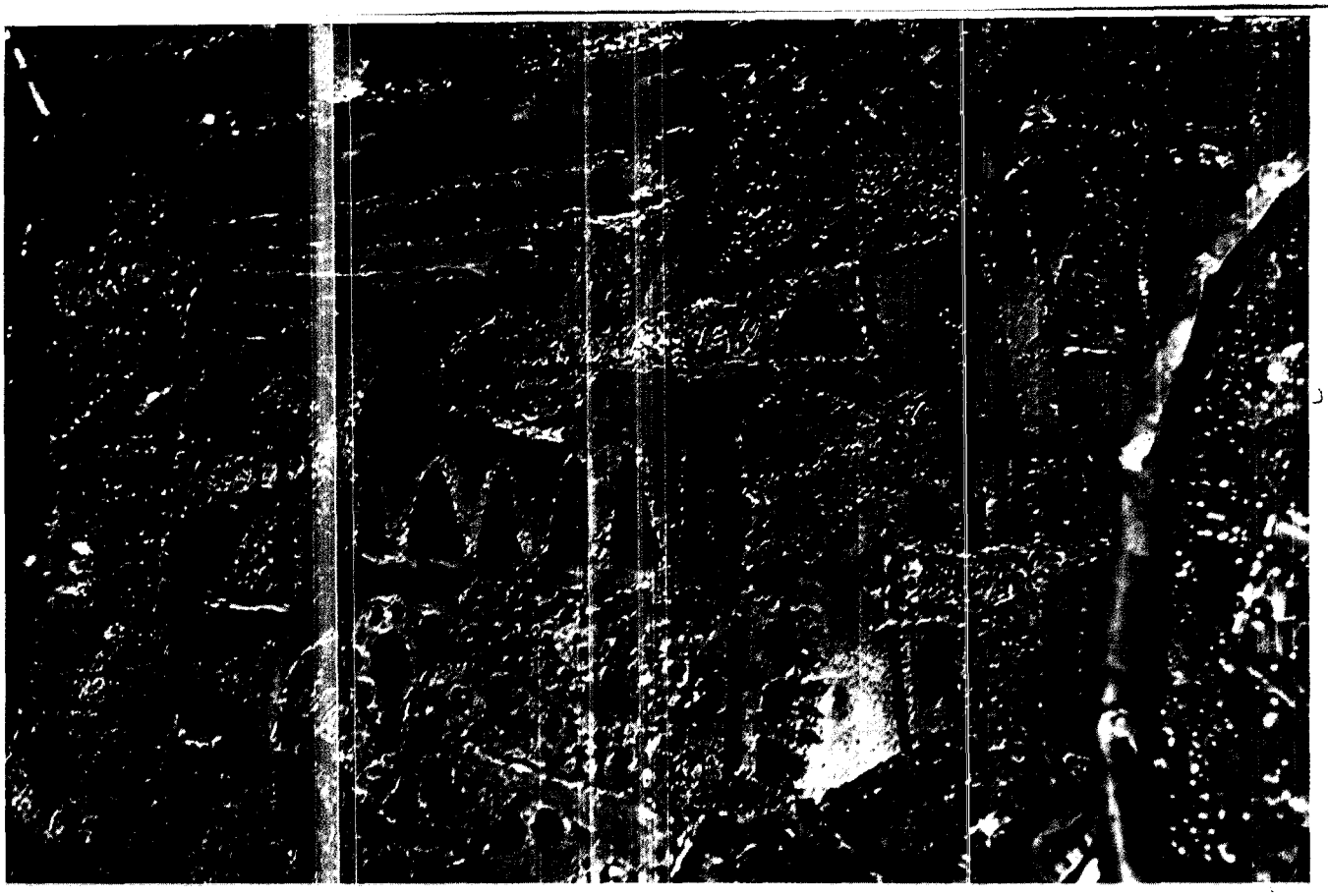

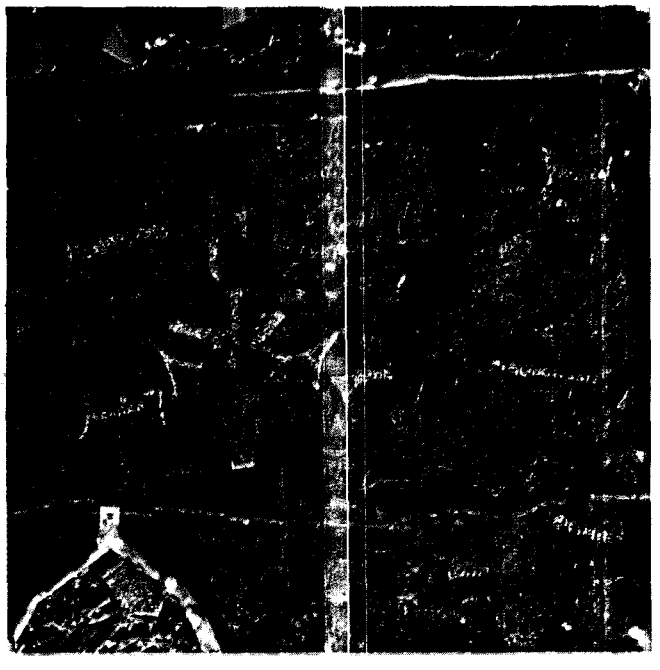

it? But what are all these names all over it?"

"Well, you see, these are all sociologists," David Wise explains to her. David is twenty-three years old, voluble and not at all ashamed to explain his work. "It *is* kind of medieval. Medieval artists used to arrange their altarpieces in a sort of hierarchy, with the angels in heaven, the saints and humans on earth and the demons down below. Everyone had his place in the cosmos. Just the same way every sociologist has his place in the sociological cosmos."

"But what's C. Wright Mills doing in hell?" asks the redhead. "I thought he was a pretty good guy. And Frantz Fanon and Marcuse, they're great."

"Listen," says David, who is as patient as he is talented, "the sociological cosmography isn't any more rational than the theological one was back in the Middle Ages. In sociology, respectability is a much more important criterion than sociologists ever admit. The sociologists up in heaven take the present order as given, and seem content to leave it that way. So they're the most respectable. See, up top there. I've got Walt Whitman Rostow [formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now in the State Department] dropping bombs on the Vietnamese. Durkheim and Weber are up there as the king and queen of sociology. They were the ones at the beginning of the century who put sociology on a really respectable footing. But down there in hell, there's Karl Marx; he's the biggest devil of all. He said that the task of sociology wasn't just to interpret the world, it was supposed to change it too. And Mao and Trotsky, way down there in the corner—they're the worst, because they actually did change it.

"And you see there in the middle, that's Freud in purgatory. He said some pretty unrespectable things about human nature, but on the other hand he justified a lot of kinds of repression as necessary for the preservation of society. So he's atoning for his sins. Wilhelm Reich and Norman O. Brown are below Freud because everyone thinks they're so way-out and freaky. But Erich Fromm is above him because Fromm acts as Freud's public relations man."

"But the whole thing's upside down!" someone cries out. By now a whole crowd has gathered around The Chair.

"Upside down?" asks David.

"Yeah, the bad guys are in heaven and the good guys are in hell."

"Well," says David, "it's The Chair of Sociology."

—JOHN SPITZER

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[Opinion]

My New Clothes

by Gene Marine

I ATTENDED, the other night, a not very swinging party: a large fund-raising dinner, at the home of a friend, on behalf of an organization noted neither for its youthfulness (of outlook or membership) nor for any particular absence of stodginess among its adherents. Being over forty, I have been to many of these things before; I usually have to decide whether to wear the good old brown suit or to live it up with the tweed sports jacket, and because the dinner was at a friend's house, I might have been tempted in the past to be really daring and go without a tie.

What I did wear was a pair of hip-hugging, bell-bottomed trousers copied from a design by Courréges, a shimmering green Mao shirt in what I believe is called velveteen, and two strands of beads.

An old friend named Joe—who was wearing a Brooks Brothers suit in the classic mold—was furious when he saw me. He had planned to wear a Nehru suit and his beads, and had talked himself out of it.

What's going on here? A year ago I wouldn't have been caught dead in beads, much less in green velveteen; even now I can't imagine Joe without the Brooks Brothers suit. Hippies, sure: I've always liked hippies and admired their individuality (and their courage) in hair and dress styles. But hell, they're young. And small-town though San Francisco is, I don't get invited to those Pacific Heights parties where everybody wears the latest rage. What the hell am I doing in hiphuggers?

And as everybody who's literate must know by now, it isn't just me. I can remember when the Duke of Windsor, who is supposed to be something of a fashion leader, caused a furor by showing up somewhere in a plaid waistcoat. Now Leonard Whiting shows up at the Paris premiere of "Romeo and Juliet" in September wearing a brown velvet smoking jacket over a white turtleneck evening shirt. Brown velvet.

Okay, chorus my only slightly squarer friends. I *won't do it myself, of course, but it's kind of an interesting fad. Beads, huh? Velvet? Crepe? Bell-bottoms? Plum-colored dress shirts? It's all right—next year we'll be back to dark blue suits.*

Don't hold your breath, babies.

Whatever it is that's happening with men's clothing (or, more correctly, with men), it isn't a fad. It will be with us for a long time. And whatever it is, and wherever it came from, you can bet that somebody's going to get very rich on it.

For example: ever hear of Frederick's of Hollywood? They sell a lot of far-out women's clothing, emphasizing the daring and the provocative. Last year, between their mail-order and retail businesses, they took in about eight million bucks.

Now they're putting menswear departments into most of their 33 stores, and menswear—"in extreme cuts," the boss says—will be shown in their Christmas catalog. "Menswear will be a gradual buildup," says Frederick Mellinger, "but it will be with us on a full-time basis." He figures that it will account for 25 per cent of the chain's volume within five years.

Bonwit Teller, which is a pretty fancy place for a lady to buy her clothes (Pierre Cardin's ladies' boutique is there, for instance), now has three men's

(Text continued on page 32)

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Sports jacket, Weinstock-Lubin, Sacramento, $39.95 (1959). Trousers, Pauson's, San Francisco, $19.95 (1964). Shirt, Arrow "Whip," Macy's, $4.95, irregular. Tie by Ernst, $2.50. Shoes, Bates, $15.00. Socks, J. C. Penney, 39 cents.

Photographs by Jeffery Chan & Kent Young

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Shirt, Alexander's Tomorrow Shop, New York, $19.95. Trousers, Courrèges copy by Experiment I, New York, $19.95. Wooden beads by Village Craftsman, New York (from Haiti), $2.00. Colored beads, American Indian from Liberty House, New York, $1.00. Boots by Valentino of Rome, $70.00. Interwoven socks from Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco, $1.50.

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boutiques—Cardin, Bill Blass, and a branch of London's Turnbull & Asser. Alexander's, a decidedly middle-class operation, also has three. And I. Magnin has opened one in San Francisco.

The point is that shrewd operators like the people who built Alexander's up from practically nothing are not about to tear out a big chunk of their second floor and rebuild it just to pursue a passing fad. If you don't think it's going to be around for a while, consider the fact that Good Housekeeping is going to start running a menswear section.

Probably the hardest-nosed businessmen in America are the old-fashioned barons who run the cosmetics industry—and virtually every one of them now has a complete line of male makeup. They call it "men's toiletries," but take a look at, for example, Estée Lauder's "Aramis" line—all that's missing is eye-liner. Nobody is riding a temporary "fad" here, either. In 1962, five per cent of the cosmetics business consisted of men's toiletries. In 1966, the figure was 25 per cent—and the projected sales figure for men's cosmetics in 1970 is one billion dollars. There are, at the moment, more than 200 scented items for men on the market. One manufacturer claims that in 1948, 30 per cent of American men used an underarm deodorant, but that the figure now is 80 per cent, the same percentage, he says, as with women.

Does anyone doubt that sunglasses are related to fashion? I didn't know until recently that there is a Sunglass Institute of America, but there is, and it says that sales of shades have gone from $60 million in 1960 to $175 million in 1966—largely because of men. And then there are girdles. That's what Exquisite Form calls them when they are selling to women. When they peddle essentially the same nylon-and-spandex item to men, they call it Mandate; you'll find ads for it in most men's magazines, and Exquisite Form reports that sales are increasing "remarkably." We might even note the existence of matching "his and hers" wigs. Seventy bucks apiece, identical except for the fact that "his" is four inches longer. They come in 22 colors from Mathews Hair Products in New York, which ships out something like 5000 a week; they're also available from, believe it or not, a firm called Mr. Teeny-Bopper, Incorporated.

IT APPEARS, then, that we males are already caught up in the Big Fashion Business about which we've been kidding the chicks for so long. It's not even unusual anymore for a couple of men to meet for a business appointment in the lobby of the Algonquin and for the conversation to begin, "What a beautiful suit! Is it a Cardin?" Two guys have already asked me where they can duplicate one of my strands of beads (it was made by some Indians in Louisiana, and you can buy one like it at Liberty House in Greenwich Village).

The beads, the shades and even the cosmetics are incidental, however; the excitement is in the clothes. In September, my wife and I went off to New York City, to see what we could find to say about the fashion industry. We were thinking, of course, of women's fashions. What we found was that nobody "in fashion" is the least bit interested in women's clothes ("They're all terribly dull this year," one fashion editor told us, and after we saw the fall collections we readily agreed, except perhaps for some stuff by Valentino and for Saint Laurent's pants).

A nice lady at Alexander's, however, was kind enough to invite us to a free booze bash and fashion show celebrating the opening of two new men's boutiques. The shops are for the wares, respectively, of Valentino of Rome (lots of velvet and a surprising amount of black, but I liked the orange-and-beige plaid sleeveless jacket with the orange turtleneck sweater and rust-colored trousers: $150) and of Mr. Fish of London (Michael Fish did the clothing—most notably James Fox's—for a movie called "Duffy," which you might enjoy for that reason but probably not for any other).

The show, featuring clothes by both designers as well as some stuff from Alexander's own men's boutique, was commentated (so help me, that's the word they use in the business) by Robert Green, who is fashion director for Playboy and who, unwittingly, made me realize what's important about "the peacock revolution" (as Esquire calls it). Mr. Green's commentary was, to use the exact descriptive word, bitchy. In addition, it was replete with thinly veiled references to the designers' "not being afraid to admit what they are," and with coy assurances to Alexander's rather stuffy customers that they wouldn't have to be "afraid" to wear some of the clothes.

It's hardly news to anybody that a lot of fashion designers are homosexual. I suppose it can be argued that it may be a great release for some of them to be able to design some really swinging things for men—taking full advantage of color, of materials, of striking and dramatic effects in a way heretofore reserved for womenswear. (If, by the way, you're still a believer in the myth that the design of high fashion is a homosexual "revenge" against women, you're either being silly or you've never looked at, say, Jacqueline Kennedy.)

Certainly, in the show we saw (which admittedly featured the most extreme designs by both designers), there were some startling things. What the program listed, for example, as a "velvet double-breasted suit" turned out to be a simple business suit that happened to be in velvet; what made it really swing was that Fish

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had done it in emerald green ("You couldn't exactly wear this to the office," said Green—which tells me something about his office; I could wear it to mine). A notch-collared double-breasted coat looks a little odd in ranch mink. And Valentino can get away with wearing a black velvet dinner suit with moiré trim and vest, but I can't.

If I wore a dinner jacket a lot, though, I'd be willing to take a chance with Fish's printed snakeskin, and I think I'd look sort of dashing in Valentino's green tweed suit (velvet trim and all) with matching full circle cape.

Because what Green's bitchy commentary ("I love the way Don wears clothes, but he always walks so fast") brought home to me is that the question of homosexuality has been overcome in men's clothing—the queer barrier has been broken. As recently as a year ago, had I gone to that same party wearing that same green velveteen shirt and those same hipluggers, every stranger in the room would have assumed that I was gay—or I would have assumed that they would assume it, which is what matters—and even some of my acquaintances would have whispered to their wives, "I didn't know that about him." Today, some of them might regard me as exhibitionistic or lacking taste or just plain nutty—but "queer" is no longer the first word that pops into their heads.

And to turn it around: something has happened to me, too, because I no longer give a damn whether that's what they think or not. Somebody said at that cocktail party in New York that to wear the really far-out stuff, no matter what your sexual predilections, you have to be pretty damn sure who and what you are—you have to be rid of all the up-tightness about your own sexual identity. It's an overstatement, I think, but only an overstatement; and one of the meanings of the revolution in men's clothing is that a lot more Americans, particularly young Americans, are relatively freer of sexual hang-ups than their elders.

Possibly because of my profession, I've always had some awareness of the role-playing that's involved when I decide what to wear in the morning. When I'm off to interview some Big Functionary, I have to decide, as a matter of craft, whether I want to appear as a soberly conservative type (the old brown suit), the stereotyped "reporter" (the old sports coat), the breezy chatterer (the new sports coat), or whatever. And inevitably, with the deliberately made choice comes a change in manner, even in personality, that is to some extent inadvertent.

A woman—in my lifetime, at least—has always had a much wider range of such choices available to her every morning. Always within limits, of course (including limits of the stereotypes by which she lives). She can be siren, gamine, intellectual, housewife, demure working girl or extroverted career woman; she can don any one of a dozen roles, depending on whether she chooses the simple gray dress or the silver vinyl miniskirt. Now we can have the same freedom.

OF COURSE all this applies only on a certain level of affluence, but it's a long way from an upper-middle-class phenomenon. Leave the boutiques at Alexander's (where the emerald green business suit is $149, the Valentino dinner suit $300), and go across the floor to the regular menswear department. Neither the quality nor the style is quite the same, but you can buy an excellent orange turtleneck with French cuffs and a ruffled front for six or seven bucks, and pretty much anything else you want (try Bloomingdale's across the street, too). Stores like Experiment I in the Village or the Town Squire in San Francisco have some great stuff at reasonable prices, and if you're not after the most extreme things you can find, then any menswear department can help you across the revolutionary line (even staid Sears, Roebuck knows it's not a passing fad: they've redesigned their menswear departments so that it's easier for you to buy "coordinates").

Barring genuine poverty, then, the new freedom in colors and fabrics and designs, and the personal freedom that can go with it, are within reach of any American male who is willing to admit the one thing he has to admit: that he is a lot of different people, and that he isn't ashamed of any of them. He even has a strong feminine streak (I don't mean "effeminate"), if he will not merely admit it but affirm and enjoy it. A Minnesota firm, B. W. Harris, makes a coat for $60 (wool melton with a polyester pile collar and lining) which they advertise with the slogan: "Wear a commitment, not a coat."

A great army of male Americans is afraid of change, and change is the one unavoidable thing about America, the one thing which too many Americans cannot bear to think about.

But change is as unstoppable as falling water, and if in a short time they are not wearing beads they will at least be wearing suits with six-button, double-breasted coats, or "Dr. Zhivago" shirts, or whichever aspect of the "peacock revolution" happens to drift down to where they are, as colored dress shirts and wider neckties already have.

I can't blame them for being boggled by, say, Stanley Blacker's Nehru cocktail suit in ruby velvet. I'm a little boggled by it myself. But I have at least learned that not only is change inevitable, it's also inevitable that the rate of change must increase. Things change more and more quickly, and this change, at least, I like.

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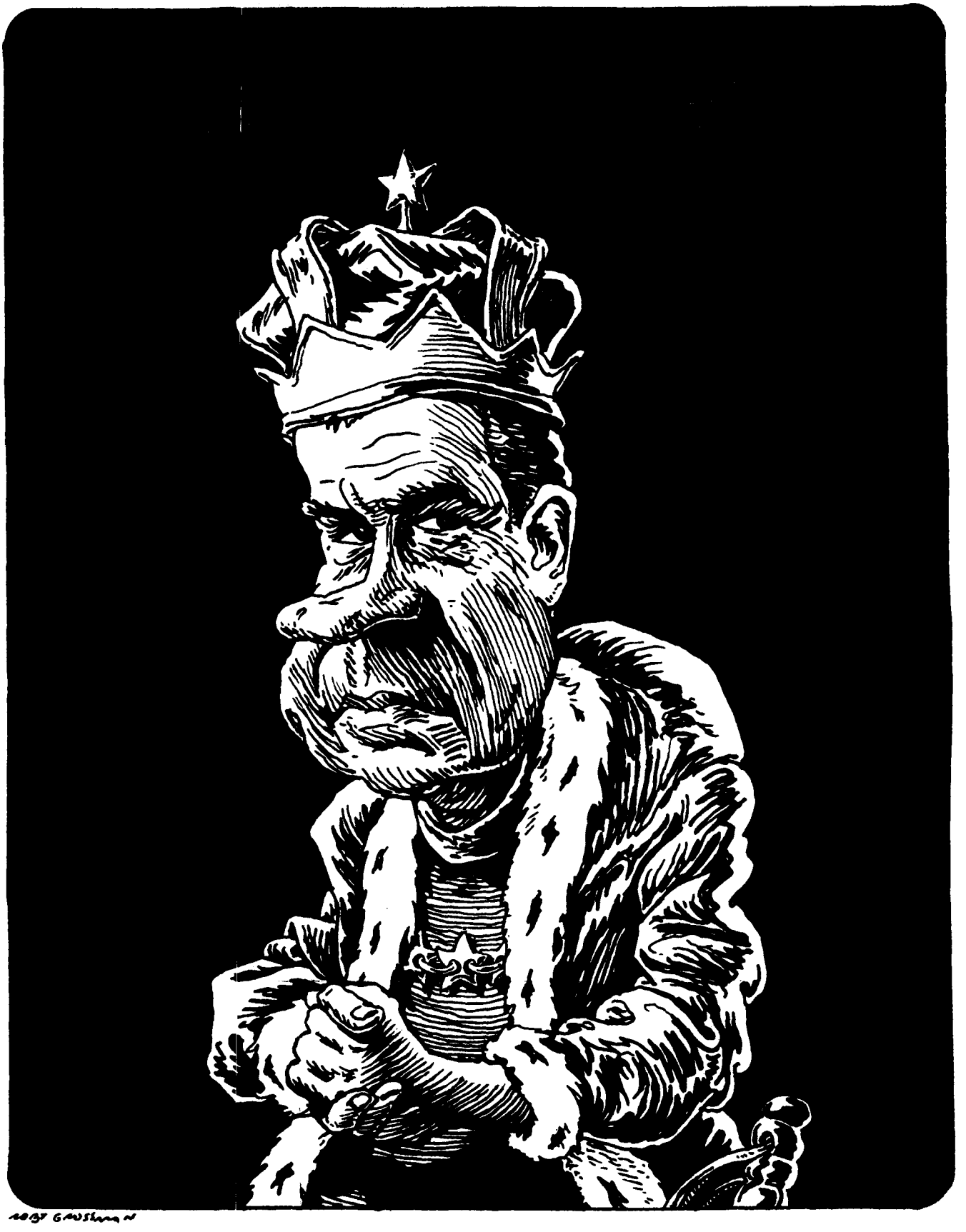

Illustration by Robert Grossman

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THE FEATURES HAD NOT CHANGED MUCH in eight years. The face had made its deal with the man who wore it, and the nose and the plastic teeth and the neat ears had ceased all struggle to become something else. Only the jowls seemed different—trimmer, devoid of their earlier sickbed blueness.

The key to how much Richard Nixon has changed, how much he has managed to control his own vagrant passions in eight years, lay in his eyes. Once those eyes would glitter in dark panic when someone refused his proffered hand, when Eisenhower's pink skull nodded in command or when he first saw Jack Kennedy stride across the floor of a television studio. In 1960, the eyes revealed fear and unease and ill-disguised envy.

That was behind him now as he stood in the chill autumn brightness of a Nassau County afternoon. The eyes betray nothing today, and neither does Nixon. He is no longer from any special place, neither from California nor New York nor even Washington. He inhabits the country of politics. And on this afternoon the button eyes were searching the far reaches of the crowd, counting perhaps, while the mouth stretched into a series of toothy horizontals and the hands shot up into a triumphant V. "Thank you, my friends, thank you. . . ." The serene voice came from some distance, dripping with confidence and triumph and self-righteousness.

Richard Nixon stood there on that platform with the defeated shell of Nelson Rockefeller beside him, a lily-white sea of strangers cheering, and you knew that Richard Nixon's candidacy, his style, his rhetoric and his very life was a masterpiece of schlock.

I suppose we have had nothing like him since Warren Harding. Nixon had been going around the country these past weeks talking and talking and talking and saying nothing, badly. Every time he talked and said something emptily and badly, the American people cheered and his rating in the polls rose. He knew that nothing he said could really matter to the people who were listening to him. He needed no masterpiece of prose, no daring issue, nothing that might disturb a midwestern editorial writer. He just had to be there to be cheered by people who do not truly love him, but who at least respect the telling quality of great schlock art, its ability to endure. For Nixon had discovered the one great secret about America. It was a first-class nation with a third-rate people, and he was the champion of the third-rate. Jack Kennedy had taught him that lesson about himself—that he was third-rate—and he no longer cared.

". . . and here's the man who's going to unify the country," said Nelson Rockefeller. Nixon stepped to the microphone. You could hear them all cheering from the corners of the shopping center and you could remember all the other times you have seen him performing the same routine. The times had caught up with him. There is no new Nixon, there is only a new America. And it doesn't care much anymore about excellence or justice or the rights of human beings. It just wants things to be quiet.

"This administration has set a record for striking out for America in the last four years," Nixon was saying. "They have struck out on peace abroad. They have struck out on peace at home. They have struck out on stopping the rise of crime. They have struck out on stopping the rise in prices . . . [cheers, applause, Rockefeller's crafty grin] They've been up at bat long enough. I say let us get up and we'll hit a home run!"

That's it. Baseball and a shopping center on Saturday afternoon and the plea for help from Decent America. Nixon gets that in at every stop, the pitch to all those Decent Americans who don't riot or picket or take drugs or call the cops "pigs" or complain or burn draft cards. They wash their cars on Saturdays and respect the flag and pay their bills and live in the suburbs. At night they watch TV in their undershirts and they think Richard Nixon is just fine.

"What do you think of all the things Nixon did in the old days?" one of them was asked, a man who was standing at the edge of the crowd carrying a "Nixon is the One" sign.

"What things?"

"Well, Alger Hiss and Helen Gahagan Douglas and the rest."

"Never heard of them," he said. "He was Eisenhower's Vice President, he knows what he's doing."

The Nixon fan was thirty-three years old and he was a chemical engineer. To millions of people his age, the old tawdry Nixon has no meaning at all. He is one of those millions who, in a Chicago delegate's phrase, "can't remember the bad Nixon and can't remember the good Humphrey." He is just Richard Nixon, intoning warnings about the decay of the republic, the permissiveness of the society and the need for a new home run hitter.

For many of us, Nixon has been with us forever: slandering Helen Gahagan Douglas, hounding Alger Hiss with the grim ferocity of a Protestant Savonarola, linking Hiss to Adlai Stevenson and intimating that Stevenson, Truman and Acheson were "traitors." He was always doing something in those years that seemed at least vaguely disgraceful, like taking $18,000 from a group of California businessmen and then going on television to talk about his wife's "Republican cloth coat." He was Joe McCarthy's friend and the hatchet man in Eisenhower's two campaigns, which were among the most vicious campaigns of this century (because of Eisenhower, not Nixon). Nixon was everywhere: getting spat on in Caracas, going through a silly platitude contest with Khrushchev in that kitchen in Moscow, talking in the TV debates with Kennedy about the "bad language" that Harry Truman had used about the Republicans and Jack Kennedy cutting him dead with a smile. He lost the election without grace, although only by 113,000 votes, and then he lost again in the California gubernatorial race of 1962.

Finally there was the famous press conference when we all thought he must have been flipping out or half in the bag and all the columns said that he was politically dead. And then the long, slow comeback, building the organization he had never had, enduring the trials of the rubber chicken circuit and all the mushy garrulity which one must live with in the company of Republicans.

ALONG THE WAY HE LEARNED some secrets about America and particularly about the Republican Party. In San Francisco in 1964, when the rank and file booed Rockefeller and nominated Goldwater, Nixon discovered that Republicans were really just bigots of the country club variety. They respected money and success and despised failure. They wanted the trains to run on time and you did not have to promise them much to excite their passions. But it was absolutely necessary to be successful.

So Nixon ran after success in private life with the same rigid determination he had shown in the early years of his public

(*Text continued on page 40*)

by Pete Hamill

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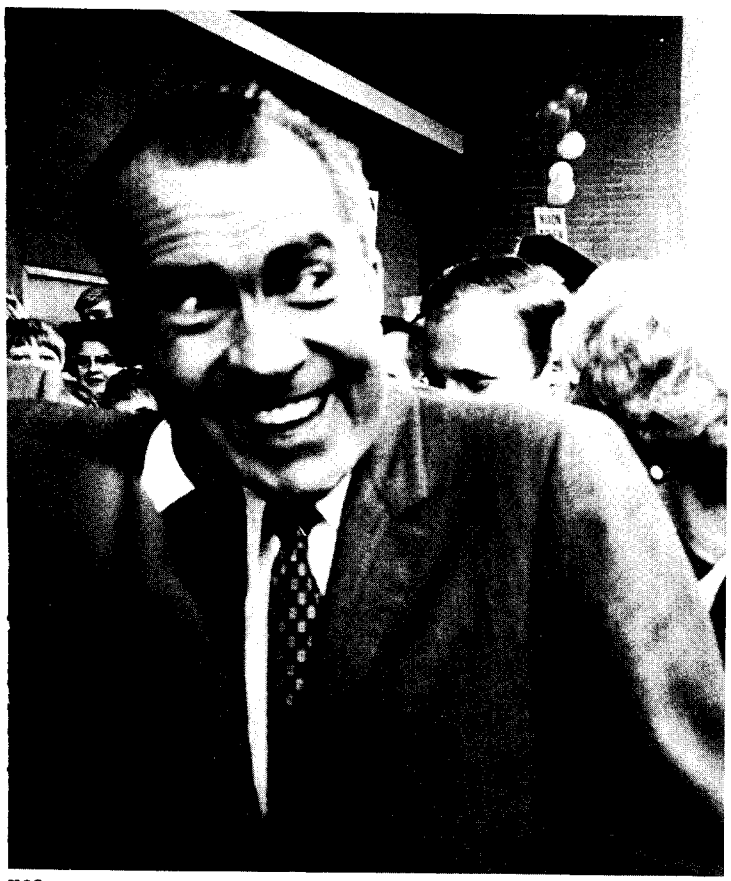

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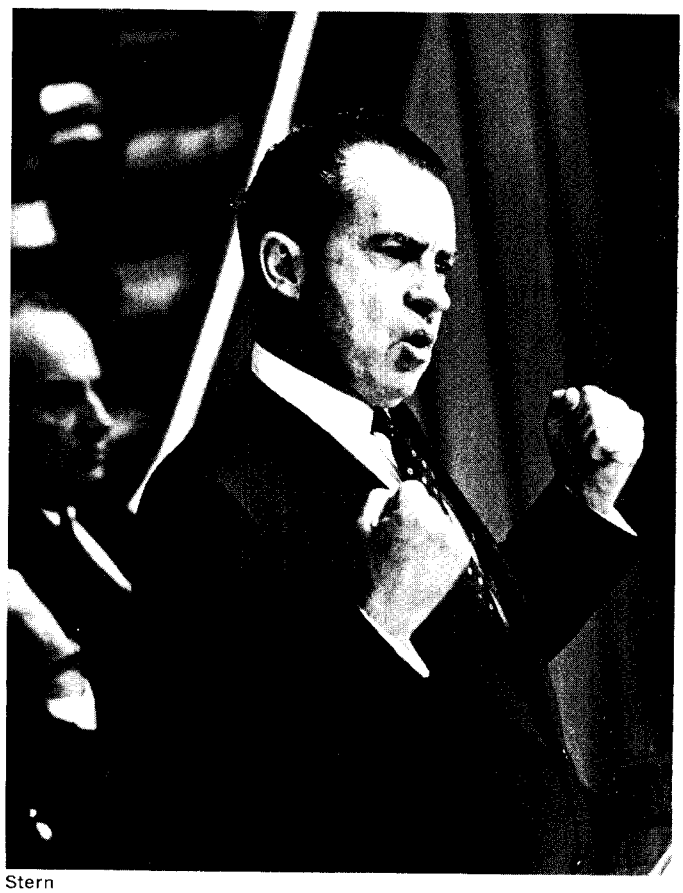

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career. He joined the New York law firm of Mudge, Stern, Baldwin and Todd and helped pull that old but sagging concern out of the doldrums. The rubber chickens came back to roost as clients and the firm started to boom.

Almost from the beginning Nixon prospered. Fletcher Knebel of Look magazine reported that Nixon's tax returns from 1963 to 1966 showed an average gross income of $200,000, about three-quarters of it from the law firm and the rest from royalties, speeches, real estate and investments. He moved into a 12-room apartment at 810 Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, a co-op that cost $135,000 to purchase and about $10,000 a year to maintain.

By the time he arrived on the podium in Miami Beach this year, money had cured him of his old terrors. He had never believed very much in anything, and during those years when most men's personalities and viewpoints are being formed, he was in Washington. Nixon had done what Hubert Humphrey was also doing in the years after 1960. He had paid those dues which a politician must pay to go after any real power: to party chairmen in a thousand counties across the nation, as well as to the fat cats in the party's national structure.

But Nixon had always been an empty man, so the process only changed him for the better, adding ease and comfort and a kind of dull confidence to his exterior. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, he understood that the Presidency was his for the taking. In such a contest he knew that the American people would always take the safe-looking man.

So there is little to discuss about traveling with Nixon. He already travels like a President, with his own party and a group of pool reporters on one plane and the scriveners of the press in separate planes behind him. He does nothing that is not calculated. Every stump speech is the same as every previous stump speech: the need for law and order, the need for peace, blah, blah, blah. He assures his audiences that there is nothing wrong with them, that they really shouldn't believe what the intellectuals and the media and the other knockers are telling them about themselves.

"There is a growing attitude," he will say, "that many opinion molders, community spokesmen and political leaders are promulgating, that each person has a right to decide what laws are good and what laws are bad and that he should break the laws he doesn't like and obey the laws he does like. This kind of attitude is one which inevitably creates a tendency toward lawlessness across the country. The role of poverty as a cause of the upsurge of lawlessness in America has been grossly exaggerated. If the conviction rate was doubled in this country it would do more to eliminate crime than a quadrupling of the funds of any governmental war on poverty. . . ."

Some of Nixon's eastern defenders say that his alliance with Strom Thurmond and his choice of Spiro T. Agnew were just exercises in practical politics, that he is not really like that. But there is nothing in the record to support such wishful thinking. Nixon is a rightist. Not the Birch Society type—he has publicly attacked the Birchers—but the country club type. He is one of those soft children who think you can always win by talking tough and you will never really have to fight very hard. He has played the law-and-order bit with the same innuendo-filled approach as George Wallace. His program for "peace and tranquillity" would give direct block grants to the states for enlargement of police forces. He would pass strong wiretapping bills for government use only, pass legislation to overrule Supreme Court judgments, such as the Miranda and Escobedo decisions on confessions, fire college faculty members who aid or abet rioters, expel student rioters and ban their organizations from the campuses.

He doesn't say much about Viet-Nam, claiming that he does not want to imperil the peace talks in Paris; more likely it is because he senses that Americans are tired of the war, tired of talking about it or hearing about it or even seeing it on TV. He might have a better chance of ending the war than Hubert does, but his past record of Johnson-like vanity and anticommunist paranoia does not afford much hope. It was, after all, Richard Nixon who said in Saigon in 1964, "There is no substitute for victory in South Viet-Nam."

THERE IS NO HOPE EITHER that Nixon will do anything at all to repair the various ruptures that have occurred in recent years. It seems unlikely that he will move to normalize our relations with Cuba, since the chairman of the Cuban Americans for Nixon Committee is Dr. Emilio Nuñez-Portuondo. The Nixon people have proudly described Portuondo's ties with the U.N. and his father's role at the time of the Declaration of Independence from Spain. They don't mention that he was Batista's foreign minister, one of the brains of the pre-Castro government and a founder of the White Rose, a counterrevolutionary organization composed almost entirely of former Batista police and army officers.

Among those serving on Nixon's committee of economic advisors are Robert T. Stevens and Roger Milliken, two of the most antiunion businessmen in the country. Milliken, head of the Deering Milliken Corporation, closed his Darlington, South Carolina, manufacturing company plant in 1956 because its 550 employees voted to join the Textile Workers Union of America. Stevens has been waging a five-year battle against unions, which have tried to organize his J. P. Stevens & Company, Incorporated. At latest count, 111 former Stevens employees were still out of work because of their union activities.

Nixon's panel of Republican congressmen, who are charged with advising him on major policies, are almost entirely members of the conservative wing. They include Senators Tower, Texas; Baker, Tennessee; Hruska, Nebraska; Mundt, South Dakota, and Representatives Arends, Illinois; MacGregor, Minnesota; May, Washington, and Morton, Maryland. All but one of these men voted against the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. All voted against the Appalachian development program. All but two voted against the anti-poverty program in 1965. Three voted to kill the program in 1966, and six asked for reduced appropriations in 1968. It goes on.

Yet there should be little surprise if Richard Nixon is the next President of the United States. He is the candidate with whom the most people would feel the most comfortable. He is a man with no beliefs, no private life of any mystery or gaudiness, a man who is beyond roots, beyond true passion, a convenient cipher whom millions of people seem determined to choose as President. He is the best symbol we now possess of all the terrible things that have happened to us in the past five years. We have passed so much time in the company of hate, we have committed so many foul and unholy acts, that as a nation we no longer care what anyone else thinks about us. We are at last shameless and alone like Richard Nixon.

ONLY FOUR VOTING DAYS LEFT UNTIL 1984

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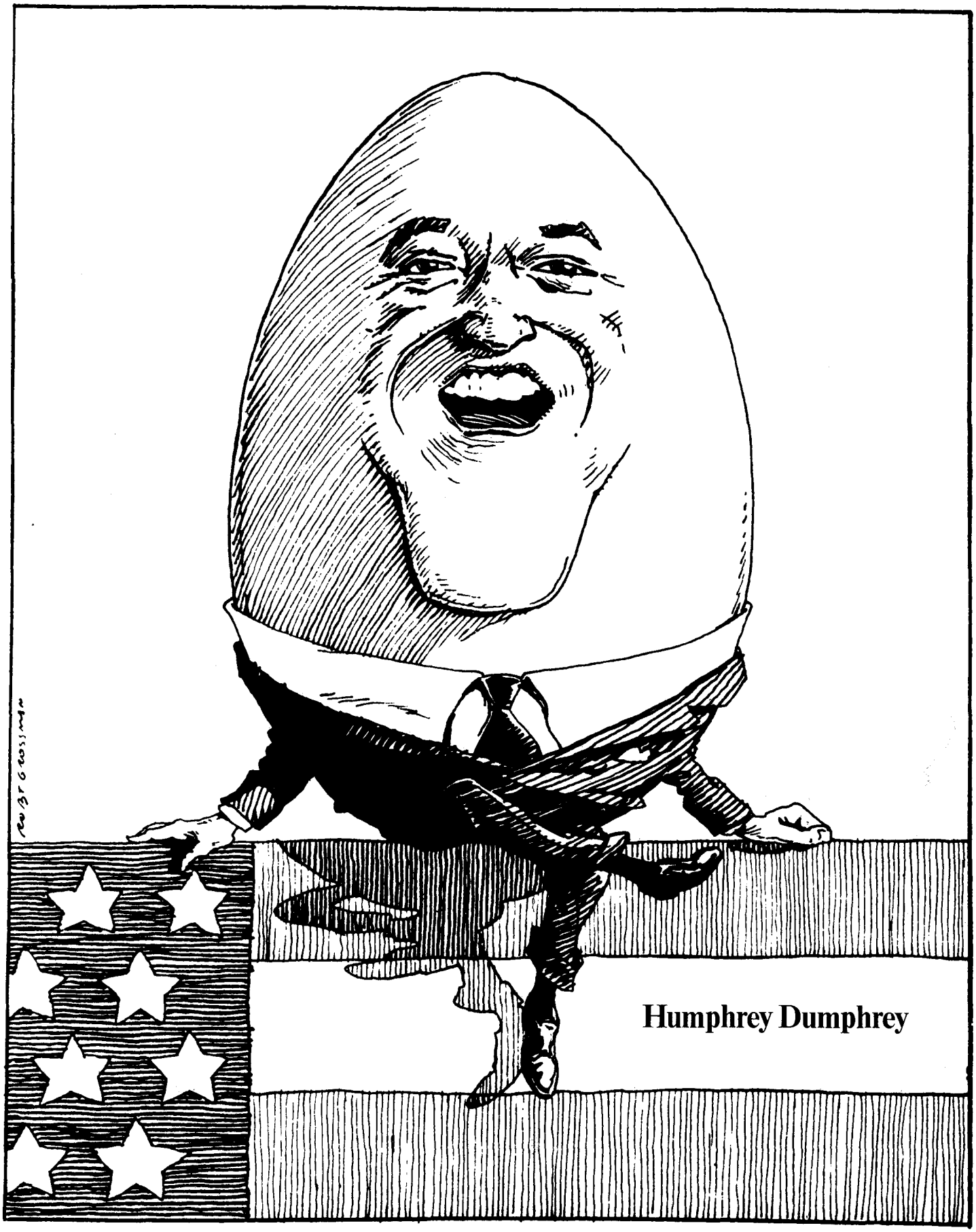

Illustration by Robert Grossman

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I.

[THE SHADOWBOXER]

LET US GO NOW, YOU AND I, back to when Hubert Humphrey was socked in at the bottom of the heap, to when he didn't even hold the distinction of being the annointed kamikaze at the top of an apparently dive-bombing Democratic ticket; remember all the way back to 1960 when he fought the Kennedy millions in the West Virginia primary and was peremptorily crushed like a fast-talking miner trying to sell a vein of fool's gold to the big-time operators.

It was just before dawn in his two-room suite in a $7.50-a-night motel in Lynchburg, West Virginia. Humphrey, wearing a traditional off-the-shoulder undershirt, was in the bathroom shaving and, as always, talking--just loud enough for his unpaid aides in the other room to hear. In the dirty ashtrays were chewed remains of the grilled cheese sandwiches that Humphrey's busted campaign treasury had deficit-financed for dinner the night before. The candidate's words, drifting from the plastic-tiled loo, came through in a sad but purposeful, quiet voice. "I know what it means to have a rough go of it," he said. "I know how it feels to be the small guy, to be crawling your way up, and if I ever get to the top, by God, I'm going to give a hand to the other people below."

Always Mr. Nice Guy, and Mr. Try Hard too, Humphrey, of course, meant it. He is a congenital booster, the ghost of midwestern chambers of commerce past, yet a man of sufficient complexity that Sinclair Lewis would actually have had to name him Humphrey, and not Babbitt. In West Virginia, where he was shafted with the short end of the miner's stick, you had to feel sorry for him because he still tried so hard with all that boundless, frantic optimism-energy which has been his cathode-ray tube, whether he was arguing for an increase in social security, introducing the Communist Control Act in 1954, or explaining, more recently, that Viet-Nam was a just war.

It is unquestionably true that Humphrey has always been a team player; it is equally true that he has always been in the minor leagues. West Virginia was his first shot at the big time —and there he was outclassed, outspent, and outsmarted. He had to go through the humiliating and patronizing experience of having several of his presidential rivals attend a fund-raising party to help make up his post-West Virginia deficit of some $25,000.

This, of course, was no common candidatorial courtesy and there was a reason. Humphrey was in a position to do one of his previous rivals a favor—by allotting his smattering of pledged delegate votes. If the base purpose of his former rivals' show of comradeship gnawed at him, Hubert didn't show it as he chattered away with group after group of fat cats that evening. He was all smiles. Hubert usually is all smiles—and he is usually trying hard to help someone. Sometimes he is Doing Good in general—as when he is arguing for, say, a civil rights bill (which never bothered his Minnesota business supporters who were well aware of his essential "stability") or explaining why Johnson's bombing will make life better, in the end, for the Vietnamese. But mostly, he is trying to help the people who help him, and it is the purpose of this story to say just who those people are, and were, since that is really the only unknown question of this dismal presidential election year.

We know that Nixon, for instance, has tried to help Wall Street. And we know that Rockefeller would hardly have done anything against his brother, David, who owns Chase Manhattan Bank. Lyndon Johnson, off the record, has done big favors for the giant oilmen who populate his own southwest. But compared to such dealings among the nitty-gritty of power, the record of Hubert Humphrey, which we now proceed to examine, has a sad sack ring to it. True, a bandit should go to jail for sticking up a gas station as much as for hijacking a Brinks armored car, but one act simply has more class than the other. During his hustling political career Hubert Humphrey has done everything he could, given up every principle available, to get into the ring with power. But even at this stage in his career, he is still shadowboxing.

And he has been training on the taxpayers' money for far too long.

II.

[TO AFRICA, WITH FRIENDS]

THE REACTION WAS SO GOOD it could have been Jefferson day at the ADA. By official count there were four hundred black faces there in the auditorium of the seven-story modern glass and concrete "skyscraper" in downtown Addis Ababa, the headquarters of the Organization of African Unity. They listened politely as the Vice President of the United States promised more foreign aid to Africa and eloquently attacked the separatist policies of Rhodesia and South Africa, and they enthusiastically applauded when he finally sat down.

That was the best hand Humphrey got on his goodwill tour of Africa in January 1967, and it didn't faze the Vice President one bit that his most receptive hearing was from an audience of professional diplomats who were all delegates to the Organization of African States. Out in the streets, things were not going so smoothly during Humphrey's 24,000-mile jet safari which included visits to Ghana, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Congo, Zambia, Somalia, Kenya, Tunisia and Ethiopia. For instance, the Vice President had to cancel a speech scheduled for Haile Selassie I University because of forewarnings that 1000 students had gathered to protest his support of the Viet-Nam war. In the Congo, just a few days earlier, more angry students had thrown rocks at his limousine.

Humphrey's widespread unpopularity in America had followed like an albatross after his blue and white Air Force Two jet to faraway Africa whence he had flown, at the behest of his concerned aides, to do something to polish his corroded image and head off rumors developing in Washington that Johnson would "dump the Hump" in 1968 for a man who could add something other than pity to the ticket.

But if Humphrey's occasionally rough receptions in Africa didn't stand him too well, public-opinionwise, at least the trip might do him some good in the court of private opinion, whose favor on that African adventure Humphrey was pursuing as assiduously as ever.

Now if you had never been to Africa before and had a whole plane, paid for by the income tax payers, at your dis-

by Lee Webb

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posal, you would naturally want to invite your friends along for the ride. That is all well and good, but the composition of Humphrey's guest list suggests the probability that many in his official party might just have been able to get something more out of Africa than exotic scenery.

First of all, there was hardly a Republican aboard, except perhaps, secretly, the pilot. The comfortable seats of Air Force Two were filled with personal friends and political allies of Humphrey and substantial contributors to the coffers of the Democratic Party and to Humphrey personally, plus a few men who hadn't contributed to Humphrey but, after this trip, might be expected to do so.

From the viewpoint of personal privilege, Humphrey brought along his physician and sometime guru, Dr. Edgar Berman, as a "consultant on public health." The Vice President also found a seat for his son-in-law, Bruce Solomonson, who paid his way on the trip by "helping with Muriel's schedule."

But the rest of the men aboard meant business.

For instance, sitting just a few seats from the husband of Humphrey's daughter Nancy was Maurice Tempelsman, the president of Leon Tempelsman and Sons, a firm specializing in buying and selling industrial diamonds. Although known as a good fund raiser for the Democratic Party, Leon Tempelsman is no Charles Englehardt (the diamond king of South Africa), but he is also no stranger to doing business in Africa. His family firm has been buying and selling gems in various African states for many years, and most recently—indeed at the very time of this flight— Tempelsman was representing an American consortium seeking to establish a foothold in the new "nationalized" mining industry in the Congo. The negotiations with Congo President Joseph Mobutu had been a little hung up since Tempelsman had insisted that the Congo revise its tax laws and sign an arbitration agreement before his group would proceed. It may be presumed that Tempelsman's consortium partners were pleased by Humphrey's invitation since, if an American businessman has to fly to Africa to bargain with a head of state, he could do worse, influence-wise, than to arrive in the official plane of the Vice President of the United States.

A neighborly enough fellow, Humphrey brought a fellow Minnesotan along on this official safari—Harold Greenwood of Minneapolis, president of the Midwest Federal Savings and Loan Association. Greenwood, a longtime political and financial supporter of the Vice President and workhorse money raiser for Humphrey's Democratic-Farmer-Labor organization, headed up the DFL's "Century Club," Humphrey's homegrown version of LBJ's President's Club, the difference between the two groups being exactly $900—the President's Club costs a grand to join, the Century Club a C-note.

Greenwood's financial interest in Africa had to do with investigating whether American savings and loan "techniques" could be profitably applied on that turf—with one proviso: that the Agency for International Development (AID) guarantee the investment *and* the profits.

Aboard a vice presidential jet almost anything is possible, so such a conversation about the government guaranteeing a businessman's profit would not be especially difficult—especially since sitting across the aisle there was Peter Straus, on leave from owning New York rock radio station WMCA to be AID's assistant administrator for Africa. A Humphrey booster, Straus admits to having been "the last remaining Humphrey delegate at the 1960 convention." As an AID official, Straus argues that our "small businesses" have a great future in Africa. "There is little competition in new fields and an American company can build up a good business quickly," he said.

One may wonder how this philosophy squares with Humphrey's own speeches stressing African self-reliance, but to another guest on his plane, Edgar Bronfman, the liquor and real estate tycoon, it sounded pretty good. Bronfman, now one of the leaders of Businessmen for Humphrey, is the head of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams, Ltd., a Canadian corporation founded by his father. Now a billion dollar corporation, Distillers-Seagrams has subsidiaries in most African countries, and Bronfman's interests in that continent now extend beyond acquiring grain for making alcohol. A few years back he acquired both the Frankfort Oil Company and the Texas Pacific Coal and Oil Company—both naturally on the lookout for oil leases and rights in Africa.

Further toward the front of the plane was Minneapolis multi-millionaire Dwayne Andreas, who became a wealthy man in the soybean and grain exporting business as a consequence of Humphrey's constant pushing for agricultural exports by such federal promotion and subsidy as Public Law 480 and the Food for Peace programs. Andreas would not be too likely to turn down a trip abroad with his man Humphrey since he remembers that time they took a plane ride to Spain in 1957—and some months later the Spanish government ordered millions of dollars of American soybean oil, a deal in which no one could say that Dwayne Andreas did not get his fair share. Humphrey's principal fund raiser for many years, Andreas is the head fund raiser for the Vice President's campaign to replace his boss.

But more of Andreas later. The Vice President had a big plane, and suffice it to say that the businessmen aboard knew where they were going in more ways than one. But that is not something one could very easily say about Hubert Humphrey, who, all too many times in his eager-beaver career, looked too high and reached too low.

III.
[AN ENTIRE STAFF ON THE MAKE]

WE SHOULD NOW MEET some key members of the Vice President's staff, which may not be a wholly practical proposition as a good many of them are in hiding from process servers.

This is preposterous, but it is no joke. Humphrey's staff has long had a Capitol Hill reputation as "20th rate," which may have something to do with the pressures of the office but more likely relates to the fact that Humphrey is a lousy judge of character.

"Hubert's problem is that he hires people and then is afraid to fire them. He's impressed with people who say, 'Gee you're marvelous,' but who can't do good work for him," a former Kennedy aide said. If Humphrey had been a whiskey millionaire like Jack Kennedy or an oil millionaire like Rockefeller, he might have had another source of currency, but as it is he has to pay off in favors—which can become very expensive.

Unable to maintain a large personal staff on his vice presidential budget, Humphrey has had to seek out eager young

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men on their way up and make "fringe" benefits available to them—generally from what they can get out of the federal agencies and programs he has helped steer through Congress. Such agencies as the Small Business Administration, the Food for Peace Program, PL 480, and AID have also been Humphrey's prime vehicles for delivering special—sometimes much too special—favors to his financial and political supporters.

A congressional custom is to give the sponsor of a bill a chance at nominating his own people for top positions, and that has gotten Humphrey in trouble. Also, Humphrey is too much of a red-hot, and that has also gotten him in trouble. For instance, he was one of the few senators who bothered to answer a letter from Julius Klein, the German lobbyist and nemesis of Senator Thomas Dodd (D-Conn.), asking for a character reference when the heat was on him for compromising Senator Dodd, among others. As usual, Humphrey went all overboard: ". . . my dear friend Julius . . . I can't quite believe it is necessary to give a personal testimony again and again as to our friendship and as to my respect for you. You have that in writing many times and you have the demonstration of such respect by many personal acts on my part. . . ." But whatever trouble a bungling, too-eager-to-please Humphrey has made for himself, his hand-picked staff members and high-placed advisors have outdone him. Actually, it's hard to use the word "scandal" to describe the kind of mess Humphrey's second-raters are likely to get themselves into; they don't have the class of a Doheny, or even a Bobby Baker.

But they try. Like Eugene Foley.

Foley was a DFL candidate for Congress in Minnesota, and lost. Humphrey brought him to Washington in 1959, as counsel for the Senate committee on small business; in 1961, Foley went to the Commerce Department, and later that year, when President Kennedy allowed Humphrey to pick the appointee, Foley was made head of the Small Business Administration (SBA). He later became undersecretary of Commerce, the post he held when the following story broke last June, and he is now president of International Ore and Fertilizer Corporation.

On October 15, 1964, the General Services Administration (GSA) received bids on an order for 12,714 mail carts. Low bidder was Universal Fiberglass of Minnesota, with a bid of $13,298,844. To get the job, though, Universal had to obtain a certificate of competency from the SBA. They got it, thanks to Foley. Within two years Universal went bankrupt, having delivered only a third of the trucks and leaving the government holding the bag—about $3 million in undelivered trucks and a bad loan.

Financial and technical experts of GSA *and* SBA had predicted some such thing. They'd found out that Universal had almost gone bankrupt once before, trying to produce fiberglass auto fenders, an effort which cost the State of Minnesota $233,635 in a bad loan. The experts unanimously recommended against granting a certificate of competency to Universal, but—on the basis, he says, of a one-paragraph, unsigned memo in the file—Foley personally overruled them.

When the whole matter came out in early 1968, some other connections became clear. Universal was a subsidiary of Rand Development Corporation of Cleveland (no relation to the RAND Corporation), and George Bookbinder, a major Humphrey contributor, was vice president of both firms. Humphrey himself, during the negotiations, had written a letter to Harry Sieban, the SBA regional director in Minnesota, on behalf of the applicant. And Foley's replacement as counsel to Humphrey's committee, another Humphrey protégé, one Neal Peterson, had somehow persuaded Universal Fiberglass to hire his brother, Roger (of the law firm of Helgesen, Peterson, Engberg and Spector, Minneapolis), as their legal counsel.

No sooner had the mini-scandal about Foley and Universal Fiberglass quieted (Humphrey said his part was routine and he hardly knew the people involved—presumably including Bookbinder) than the parent Rand Development Corporation was in the news again, this time in a hassle with the Interior Department. That department's Federal Water Pollution Control Agency was auditing some Rand contracts and found that the corporation was billing the government for both an office and an apartment in New York City, along with entertainment and long-distance phone bills running into thousands of dollars.

The occupant of the apartment, it turned out, was Bookbinder, and it was used as a warm-evening watering spot not only by corporation officials, but by wheels in Interior *and* by members of Humphrey's staff. Fourteen of the toll calls were to Hubert Humphrey's vice-presidential office.

Neal Peterson, the lawyer and lawyer's brother, was still around as the convention approached, and a sharp Kentucky newsman turned up a new game. Peterson, it seems, was pressuring mayors to get in line behind Humphrey—or lose urban renewal, planning and other money from the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Mayor Claude Hensley of Covington, Kentucky, for instance, was told to endorse Humphrey and get his name on the mayors-for-Humphrey committee, under threat of losing a $313,000 grant for a senior citizens' apartment building. Mayor Hensley made the endorsement. Donald Hummel, a pro-Humphrey HUD official, announced the grant shortly afterward.

HUBERT HIMSELF WAS CAUGHT making an endorsement a little more valuable than Hensley's. It started with the grown-up junk business of Max Rappaport, a major financial supporter of Humphrey and a friend of other Minnesota DFL leaders (he used to go to football games with Orville Freeman). The junk business which Rappaport started in 1918 had, by 1961, become a replacement parts business for autos and trucks, known at first as Northwestern Auto Parts Company, later as NAPCO. Sales in '61 were about $10 million, of which $7 million were export sales, and the firm opened overseas offices that year in France, England, Germany, Japan, Bolivia and the Dominican Republic; they sold a lot of replacement parts for American military vehicles, along with other business.

But Max had a problem, called the Detroit Bevel Gear Company, a NAPCO subsidiary. Its equipment was old, some of it obsolete, and a later NAPCO report was frank: "Our gear manufacturing division became increasingly troublesome, creating losses that at times more than consumed the profits of the healthy divisions."

In 1959, however, there entered into the picture, believe it or not, a Coca-Cola distributor from India who was in Minnesota looking for a business partner and who, for some reason, ran into NAPCO. He should have stayed home. Rappaport pushed the contact and went into negotiations with two

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Indian businessmen. His idea was that he would help set up an Indian firm to make gears—which would then buy the plant and equipment of the suffering Detroit Bevel Gear Company. That was fine with the poor Indians, who had probably been turned down earlier on an offer to buy the Brooklyn Bridge—but they were a little short of cash.

But as any good credit risk knows, being short on cash is nothing if you're long on audacity. In 1961, the decision was made to apply for a loan from the Agency for International Development, to enable the Indian firm to buy the machinery. There was no precedent for such a loan, but what the hell.

Enter Hubert Humphrey—who in September wrote to the AID administrator, the Export-Import Bank, the Treasury *and* the State Department to "bring to your attention my interest" in the whole idea. He copped out on the economic value of the project, but backed up Max Rappaport all the way: "I am in a position to say that the American businessmen who are participating in it [the project] are highly reputable constituents of mine in Minnesota"—a phrase that often translates into "campaign contributors." Humphrey singled out Rappaport as "one of the most distinguished, successful and respected businessmen in our state."

Also in September 1961, Humphrey wrote John Kenneth Galbraith, then U. S. ambassador to India, notifying him that Rappaport was on his way to India and that "our mutual friend," Max Kampelman, might accompany him.

Kampelman, you'll recall, is Humphrey's old university buddy who was mixed up in the alphabet soup of OPR, APSA and CIA. At one time he headed Humphrey's staff as legislative counsel, and then joined the law firm of Strasser, Spiegelberg, Fried, Frank amd Kampelman—which represented a lot of Minnesota businessmen. In March 1956, for example, Kampelman tried to get a $4 million loan for a group which was trying to take over the public transportation system in Washington D.C.; in the group was Max Rappaport. When the India deal came up, Kampelman was a member of the board of what had come to be called NAPCO Bevel Gear Company of India.

On July 27, 1962, NAPCO and AID signed an agreement for a loan of $2.3 million, so that the India firm could buy Detroit Bevel Gear's equipment—the first time AID had ever financed the purchase of used machinery from an American firm. On July 31, 1963, and on August 27, 1964, AID made two more loans; Indian banks and suppliers and the State of Punjab lent additional money.

By February 1966, NAPCO Bevel Gear Company of India had collapsed.

The government's General Accounting Office (GAO), curious about all this, recently took a look and hired a consulting engineer to help. Production, the GAO stated, had reportedly been "substantially limited to Mercedes crown wheel and pinion gears," for which there isn't a booming market—if any market at all—in India. "The equipment. . .had been reconditioned . . . much of it could not be reconditioned and was little more than junk."According to a former NAPCO of India engineer, a million bucks worth of tools were obsolete or worn out, and a lot of others pertained to "job applications the company will never undertake."

"The tools received in India," the consulting engineer said, "were used for making gears in the United States for motor vehicles constructed on the United States system of measurement, but were to be used for making gears for Indian motor vehicles constructed on the British metric system."

On February 16, 1968, the Justice Department filed a civil suit against Hubert Humphrey's highly reputable constituents, accusing them of "deceit and false claim," and asking for the return of $2.7 million. NAPCO, said the department, claimed that the Detroit plant and equipment were worth $2.8 million and "willfully concealed" an appraisal of $909,000. NAPCO is also charged with having "willfully made substitutions of inferior machinery and equipment" and having "diverted and withheld from delivery" other equipment, along with failing to recondition equipment and failing to provide agreed upon technical and engineering help. Kampelman is still NAPCO's lawyer.

Finally, there was Humphrey's former administrative assistant, Herb Waters. At Hubert's prodding, Kennedy made him assistant administrator of material resources for AID. What this meant in practice was managing a $400-million-a-year program of acquiring excess and surplus property from the Defense Department, reconditioning it and shipping it overseas as part of the foreign aid program.

A Belgian company, J. and M. Andriaenssens, had a contract with AID to do the reconditioning at a plant in Belgium. But a Senate subcommittee, headed by Ernest Gruening of Alaska, turned up the fact that a lot of "reconditioned" equipment shipped to places like Turkey and Viet-Nam was unusable.

The subsequent investigation determined that Andriaenssens hadn't been doing the work at all—but they *had* been spending all kinds of AID contract money on booze, broads and hotel rooms for visiting AID officials—fun and games in which Herb Waters was apparently happy to join. The White House accepted his resignation on January 26, in the face of misconduct charges, and the AID report on Humphrey's former administrative assistant and 1964 presidential campaign advisor was sent to the criminal division of the Justice Department for "appropriate action."

IV.

[PLAYING INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES WITH SOYBEANS]

NOW BACK TO EXPORTER-FINANCIER Dwayne Andreas, who was last seen on a plane with Humphrey. Remember that big surprise soybean order he got from Spain in 1957? Well, *he* might have acted surprised, but Humphrey, in a section of his 1964 book *The Cause is Mankind*, relates how he used the Food for Peace Program he pushed through Congress to put a big fat order in Andreas' pocket: "Some years ago, the soybean industry persuaded the Spanish government to try some of our soybean oil under the Food for Peace Program. Soon the foreign currency sales of soybean oil were replaced by dollar sales. Currently, Spain is a tremendous cash buyer of our soybean oil."

Thank you, Vice President Soybean.

Humphrey prefers to clothe his arguments for such homegrown midwestern subsidy programs in the language of altruism—"food is as powerful a weapon as bombs," he once put it. But the fact of the matter is that a lot more of his clients back home are in the food business than the bomb business (though he has done his damndest to get a larger share of that Viet-Nam war-aerospace business into Minnesota).

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Addressing ourselves further to Humphrey's noted liberal altruism, it should be made clear that Humphrey did not become alarmed by the plight of hunger in the underdeveloped world until the threatened loss of traditional European markets for midwestern foodstuffs suddenly made the millions of "nutrient deficient" people in the Third World a great new market.

Public Law 480 was the beginning of a sled-full of agricultural export bills either written or pushed by Humphrey, all of which brought government cash and dramatically increased fortunes to his grain and export based constituency. It sounded kind of liberal, at first, to let the United States pay out real U. S. cash to our farmers and allow the poorer nations to pay for the food in their own, weaker currencies.

However, this soft currency which was paid for U.S. farm products was seldom reinvested in the growth of the host nation; it simply financed the personal expenditures of American businessmen abroad.

Thus Humphrey's boon to the Dwayne Andreases of the midwest was also a boon to junketing congressmen, CIA operations, and U. S. Embassy and military personnel— since all their expenditures could be paid for by this foreign money without any regard for U.S. budgets or balance of payments.

American businessmen, like Humphrey's friends on his trip to Africa, could also apply for "loans" of these non-American currencies to expand their operations or establish subsidiaries in such countries. The net result of the entire program was—despite Humphrey's continued rhetoric of "self-development" —to make the economy of underdeveloped countries "helped" in this liberal program even more dependent on the U.S. economy.

So that was the way the money went abroad. Back at home, people like Dwayne Andreas frolicked in the soybean fields and with their excess cash created smaller scale versions of big-time business (even interlocking directorates) which all contributed to the hustling little world of Hubert Humphrey.

With a little money in the bank, the Andreas brothers formed, in 1964, the First Interoceanic Corporation, a personal holding company (with a personal holding company, there are a lot of things you don't have to disclose as you would with a public corporation). Interoceanic promptly bought ten per cent of the stock of Archer-Daniels-Midland, another relatively new and growing grain outfit; Lowell was installed as president and Dwayne sits on the board. Dwayne is, of course, chairman of the board of First Interoceanic.

His president there is Thomas W. Moses, who was also for a time the president of the National City Bank of Minneapolis—organized with and dominated by Andreas money. Moses just stepped down from the bank presidency ("because of the pressure of work at First Interoceanic"), and is now senior trust officer—controlling investment funds.

With a bank, Andreas can play at being a big-timer. Former Kennedy economic advisor Walter Heller has served on the board, and assists National City in its attempts to raise and lower interest rates, in response to economic developments, faster than Chase Manhattan or First National City in New York. Five of the bank's directors, by the way, contribute to Humphrey.

But a little more interesting, perhaps, is the Andreas Foundation, which is tucked away in a corner of the First Interoceanic offices in the Sheraton-Ritz Hotel in Minneapolis. Between 1963 and 1965, the Andreas Foundation kicked in nearly $160,000 to Operations and Policy Research, incorporated (OPR), of Washington, D.C., which was run by two old University of Minnesota buddies of Humphrey, Evron Kirkpatrick and Max Kampelman. Both men were also officers of the American Political Science Association—an organization which almost came apart when its members found out that Kirkpatrick and Kampelman were involved in OPR, which was exposed some months ago as a CIA front. All but three officers of the Andreas Foundation are members of the Andreas family. One of the three is C. Bruce Solomonson—Hubert Humphrey's son-in-law.

It all sounds pretty impressive—but it's a long way from salad oil to crude oil, and every American city and region has its local small-time millionaires. Hubert Humphrey's problem is, and always has been, that he has to rely on small-timers. With no money of his own, no contacts with the really big oilmen and financiers, Humphrey has always been forced to sell out for peanuts.

PASSING THROUGH HIS POLITICAL years surrounded by an ambiance of corruption, Humphrey has usually managed to keep his own hands fairly clean. In one miniscule but symbolic instance, though, he did succumb to the temptation of straightforward deception in his personal finances.

In 1964, seeing clearly from his privileged viewpoint just where the action was, he decided to buy himself a piece of it. One major investment—though still only $16,000—went to the Schjeldahl Company of Northfield, Minnesota, a small electronics company which, besides having built the Echo I and II satellites for NASA, makes components for the Polaris and Poseidon missile systems, and has cashed in on the Viet-Nam war with contracts for classified work in communication and intelligence there.

The company is banking on the continuation of the war. According to the Minneapolis Tribune (March 10, 1968), their marketing manager reported confidently after returning from Viet-Nam "that a U. S. withdrawal from Viet-Nam was unlikely in the short run and Schjeldahl could wisely plan to gear production towards continued contracts with the military in Viet-Nam." They have not been disappointed.

But in his public disclosure of financial interests—a document which is intended to inform the public of the nature of the financial interests of public officials—Humphrey could not bring himself to admit the business he has gotten into. Humphrey described Schjeldahl coyly as a maker of "plastic bags." It was a ludicrous deception, but a typical one for a man who apparently has never been able to face up to either the real character of his own involvements, the sleaziness of his aides and backers, the enormity of the crimes in Viet-Nam, or the fatuous pettiness of his own character.

The mini-scandals of Hubert Humphrey hardly form a signficant addition to the mainstream of American political corruption, but they do provide essential data for a portrait of this man who has striven frantically but never achieved the class of a Bobby Baker, not to mention a Lyndon Johnson.

Researchers on this story: Carl Bloice, Judy Coburn, Elaine Fuller, Marilyn McNabb.

ONLY FOUR VOTING DAYS LEFT UNTIL 1984

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With the CIA in Bolivia: Antonio Arguedas

On June 29, 1968, the Cuban government announced that it had obtained a copy of the Bolivian diaries of Che Guevara, and that it was preparing this last testament of the guerrilla leader for publication. Three weeks later, it was discovered that Bolivia's minister of the Interior, Antonio Arguedas, had disappeared from La Paz. Suddenly the word was all over La Paz: it was Arguedas who had obtained a copy of the diaries from the Bolivian High Command and had sent it to Cuba. By Arguedas' own testimony, these rumors were true; but they were less than half the story.

Less than a week after his disappearance from La Paz, Arguedas surfaced in Iquique, Peru. After a very brief press conference, Arguedas was taken into custody by the Chilean police and held incommunicado for five days. Finally he was put on a plane to London, with a Chilean passport and a warning never to return to that country. Thus began Arguedas' strange odyssey around the world in search of asylum, tailed every step of the way by a man named Nicholas Lendiris whom Arguedas identifies as an agent for the CIA. Bit by bit, in press conferences at airports all over the world, Arguedas spun out his tale. Ever since 1964, he revealed, and during his entire term as minister of the Interior, he had been in the employ of the American CIA. In London (where he was interrogated once again), in New York, in Lima, the story of his involvement with the CIA and his dealings with the diaries was chaotic and fragmentary. But he promised that he would tell everything upon his return to La Paz. For Arguedas was determined that if no other country would welcome him, he would go back to Bolivia to face any charges the government might bring against him.

The press conference he held on the 17th of August, the day of his return to La Paz, was everything Arguedas had claimed it would be. From the moment he began to speak, the Bolivian authorities knew they were in for trouble. So incriminating was Arguedas' testimony that the conference had been in progress for only half an hour when an official from the Ministry of the Interior cut it off and took Arguedas into custody. He was permitted to resume, in the offices of the Interior Ministry, only at the insistence of reporters. After the conference was over he was taken to jail and has not been permitted to talk to reporters.

But the damage was already done. In his three-hour press conference Arguedas had supplied ample ammunition for a sweeping indictment of the Bolivian regime and the American CIA. In every level of government, said Arguedas, the CIA had men, himself among them, willing to do its bidding. And Bolivia is not the only country in South America where the CIA is perhaps more of a force than the local citizenry. Arguedas has arranged for RAMPARTS *to receive a document dealing with his work for the CIA. This document is to be made public should any unexpected "accident" happen to Arguedas during his stay in prison.*

We reprint excerpts of Arguedas' La Paz press conference from the July 18 issue of Presencia.

I WILL ATTEMPT TO MAKE as short a summary as possible of my relations with the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States. In 1964, after an uprising of the military—the people had overthrown the MNR [National Revolutionary Movement] regime—I was named undersecretary of the Ministry of the Interior. Sixty days after my appointment, Colonel Edward Fox, of the U.S. Air Force, let me know that if I remained in the Ministry of the Interior, the U.S. would suspend economic assistance to Bolivia and would bring drastic sanctions and pressures to bear against the government. To prevent this, I resigned my post. About 20 days later, I made contact once again with Colonel Fox, who told me that my case might yet work out and that I ought to talk things over with an American diplomat. He introduced me to Mr. Larry Sterfield, who at that time was with the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency in this country. Mr. Sterfield proposed that I undergo questioning outside of the country, to explain whether I had been a communist militant and whether the Communist Party had infiltrated me into the government.

Half out of opportunism and half out of curiosity, I accepted

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Mr. Sterfield's offer. They gave me, I believe, $90 or $60 for a trip to Lima, Peru, and gave me an address on the Avenida Pierola. I presented myself there, escorted by the agent Nicholas Lendiris who at that time was a public safety advisor in Bolivia. When we arrived I was met by two American citizens. They received me cordially and the first phase of my interrogation began with interviews. They asked me who my friends had been, with whom I had links, what my ties were with the Bolivian Communist Party, what left-wing leaders I knew, and at what times I had talked with them.

On the second day, they questioned me on my personal history. They bombarded me with a mass of questions, my relations with all my friends and so on. . . .

On the third day I underwent electronic interrogation. They fastened electrodes to my hands, my chest and my head. Then I had to answer the questions so they could see if I was telling the truth. For example, they asked me: "Is it true that you were never a member of the Communist Party?" And I answered the truth: "I was a Marxist, and I admit that I have been acquainted with Sr. Monje, Sr. Kolle, Sr. Otero, etc., but I was never a member of the Bolivian Communist Party. I was, shall we say, a paper Marxist, very personal. I never went so far as to be a part of the group, although during my days at the university I helped the Party; this cannot be denied, I did aid the Communist Party."

On the last day of the interrogation, the fourth day, they offered me a Coca-Cola, and we began to talk about the streets in Lima, about the girls, and about a series of this kind of thing which friends talk about with one another. And then I began to feel very, very drowsy. When I woke up again it was about 7:30 at night, and the interrogation was over. I had no idea of anything I might have said. I think I must have been talking under the influence of some drug.

* * *

When Sr. Lendiris told me that the CIA had verified that everything I said was true, I then said to him, "Okay, let's go, let's see what we have to do." I went into the Interior Ministry where I had been undersecretary. Then I was informed that I was to be made minister of the Interior. They said to me, all right brother, we're not going to keep an eye on you. Now you are a part of the Agency.

* * *

The President of the Republic had no idea of my relations with the CIA. I have to be sincere and I have no reason to slander anyone. He didn't know. He believed that I had simply made friends with certain Americans at cocktail parties, at receptions and in the course of my work. He did not know that I had gotten myself, shall we say, into the position of being manipulated by a foreign intelligence service.

I then went to Washington, at the invitation of the American government. Before the trip I was sent $6500. I was lodged in the Hotel Plaza, and I did not have to undergo any interrogation. I was treated with all courtesies. An interview was arranged for me with an American official who gave me a résumé, information about each of the Latin American governments. And then I had an interview with an expert on Cuban affairs. This man told me about all the difficulties and all the errors of the Cuban revolution, and about all the sordid international plots which were being hatched against this revolution.

I returned home and was named minister of the Interior. Once I was minister, I talked to the Americans who had promised to cooperate with me in all matters. For example, they had made an agreement to help me construct a public jail which cost $300,000. But there was no aid forthcoming.

* * *

The friction with the Americans continued. But another basis of disagreement arose as well. The Bolivian Mining Corporation had filed a claim against the American firm, Lipez Mining. The CIA pressured me to exert influence on the Ministry of Justice to gain a settlement favorable to Lipez Mining. They told me that we had to guarantee private initiative, but I received instructions from the government telling me that in this case we had to be very scrupulous. And given the case I could do nothing else. I told the authorities that they had to be as scrupulous as possible because if there was any error in favor of Lipez Mining, I would go to the supreme court of the nation and accuse them of lying. As it turned out the case went according to the law. This exasperated the Americans; they thought that I was gradually escaping from their control.

* * *

The 13th of June was my birthday, and the head of the CIA, Mr. Thomas, called me up and told me that I should come to his house to celebrate with him. I was indignant. After all, I was a government minister. Why should I go to the house of the head of the CIA? I was irritated with the way I was being treated and I didn't go. But on the 14th, Murray [Hugh Murray, connected with the AID office in La Paz] came up to me and told me that Thomas was upset that I hadn't come: "He said that you weren't there to celebrate with him and that he has a message for you which has come from the U.S. You have to go to see him."

Since I didn't want to make my relations with the Americans any worse than they were, I made the appointment with the head of the CIA at 7 Calle de Obrajes. He said to me, "How are you, Antonio? It is very nice to see you. I have a message here for you." He handed me a box which I looked at for a moment; then I took it and we chatted for a while. I drank a cup of coffee, and then went back to my office. When I arrived at the Ministry, I was curious and opened the package. It was a pistol with a gun belt and a clip without ammunition. I opened the other package and there was a photo of Commander Fidel Castro, a photo of Che Guevara, and a photo of Raul Castro receiving ammunition from another guerrilla. Immediately I thought that what they were trying to do was blackmail me. The CIA was telling me that if I didn't act unconditionally at its bidding, I would be denounced as a Castroite.

In one of the drawers of my desk I had the negatives of the diary of Che Guevara. To put it briefly, I lost my head. I grabbed a sheet of paper; I dashed off a note to Castro, put the negatives in an envelope and sent them to Havana. My luck had run out and there wasn't anything else for me to do at this point. I didn't tell Castro I was an agent or anything else. I told him that I was a friend of the Cuban revolution and I was sending the diary of Commander Guevara, and that he could publish it when he wanted to and that I didn't want any economic recompense. These were the facts of the matter.

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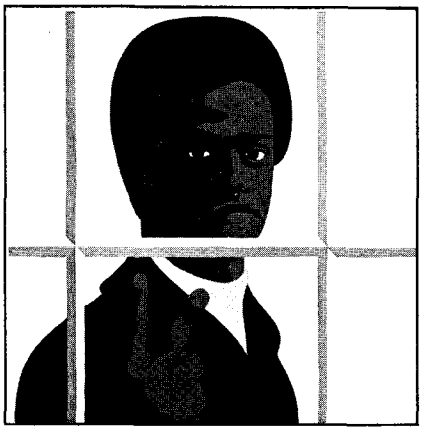
[Part II]

Selections from the Biography of HUEY P. NEWTON by Bobby Seale



Continued from page 16

why don't we all just leave and walk out on this set." Everybody is disgusted and pissed off, after this pig talked about going to the legislature, and all this kind of crap. And double-talking. So we got up and walked out of the building, and went back home.

WE WENT BACK and laid out the first Black Panther, Black Community News Service paper. It was two sheets of legal-sized mimeographed paper, printed on both sides. The headline was, "Why Was Denzil Dowell Killed?" We printed about five or six thousand of those papers and took all the Panthers and went out to the black community in North Richmond. We got to passing the papers out and giving them to people, and children were following, about 100, 150 kids on bicycles, and some of them walking down the streets, following the Panthers, walking all throughout the community, block to block, passing out leaflets. We gave a lot to the kids and told them to put them on all the doorsteps.

One young brother drove up, on his bicycle, and I guess he hadn't seen the headlines on the paper, because he said to us, "How much will you pay me if I go and distribute all of them to the doors? Is them other little kids getting paid?" And Huey says, "No, none of the other kids are getting paid, young brother." He says, "You see who's on the front page of this paper?" And he looked and he saw Denzil Dowell's picture. He had a paper route. As he was going by he was getting ready to do his route. The little boy looked at Huey, and looked at Huey's gun, and looked at Denzil Dowell and he said, "Brother." He was like very hurt. He says, "Don't pay me nothing. I ain't even going to do my route. I'm going to distribute these to every door." And he just snatched up a bundle of them and you could see him going down the street, trying to give everybody one, because the brother was remembered.

We had gotten an interview done by the Examiner. The Examiner came down to the Panther headquarters, and did an interview on a Tuesday. They said they were going to print it on a Sunday. That Saturday evening the headlines hit, about the existence of the Black Panther Party, who patrolled cops in the black community. They wrote it all backwards. They said we were anti-white and were black racists. After that Huey began talking about how we needed to go straight up in front of some city hall, like we did in Martinez, and talk to the people and hold a rally there, so we could get a message over to the mass of the people. And the mass media would come along and cover it. We saw another article in the paper about the Black Panther Party about three or four weeks from this particular time. We all read the papers and realized that the news of the existence of the Black Panther Party was being widely distributed, especially in the Bay Area.

One Monday morning Huey called me up and says, "Bobby, come over to the house right quick." I came over to the house. Huey showed me the papers. He said, "Look here, Mulford is up in the legislature now, trying to get a bill passed against us. We don't care about laws anyway, because the laws they make don't serve us at all. He's probably making a law to serve the power structure. He's trying to get some kind of law passed against us." He says, "I've been thinking. Remember when I told you we have to go in front of a city hall, in front of a jail or do something like we did in

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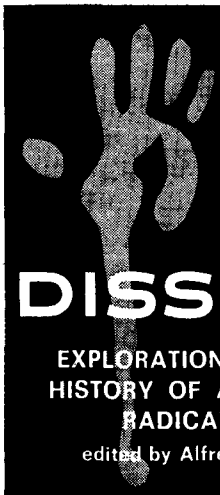

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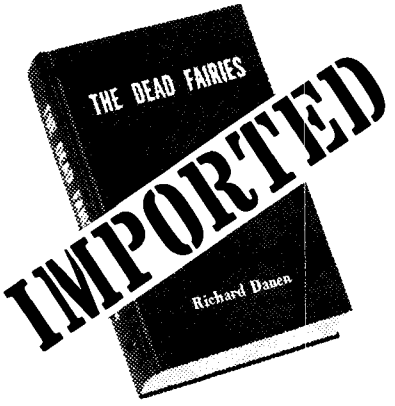

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Martinez, to get more publicity, so we can get a message over to the people?" This was Huey's chief concern, getting the message over to the people, about the fact that we have to arm ourselves with guns and force against this racist, decadent system, because of what it was doing to us.

So Huey says, "You know what we're going to do?" "What?" "We're going to the Capitol." I said, "The *Capitol?*" He says, "Yeah, we're going to the Capitol." I say, "For what?" "Mulford's there, and they're trying to pass a law against our guns, and we're going to the Capitol steps. We're going to take the best Panthers we got and we're going to the Capitol steps with our guns and forces, loaded down to the gills. And we're going to read a message to the world, because all the press is going to be up there. The press is always up there. They'll listen to the message, and they'll probably blast it all across this country. I know, I know they'll blast it all the way across California. We've got to get a message over to the people."

Huey understood a revolutionary culture, and Huey understood how arms and guns become a part of the culture of a people in the revolutionary struggle. And he knew that the best way to do it was to go forth, and those hungry newspaper reporters, who are shocked, who are going to be shook up, are going to be blasting that news faster than they could be stopped. I said, "All right, brother, right on. I'm with you. We're going to the Capitol." So we called a meeting that night, before going up to the Capitol, to write the first executive mandate for the Black Panther Party. Huey was going to write Executive Mandate Number One.

This executive mandate was the first major message to *all* the American people, and *all* the black people, especially in this country, who're living in the confines of this decadent system. Eldridge and Huey and all of us sat down, and it didn't take us long. We weren't jiving. Take no time at all, not like some of them intellectuals and punks that have to take ten days before they can write an executive mandate to put things together. I don't think it was 15 minutes before we whipped that executive mandate out, looked it over, and Eldridge corrected it, got things together. So the executive mandate would be the first message, the first major message made by the Black Panther Party, coming from the Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton. Huey told me to organize the brothers, tell them to get their guns and be at the office tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock. "We're going to leave at ten o'clock. We're going to leave at ten o'clock sharp."

SACRAMENTO: "NIGGERS WITH GUNS" IN THE STATE CAPITOL.

WE WERE GOING ACROSS the bridge to Sacramento with a caravan of cars. This was on May 2, 1967. We wound up right in front of the Capitol building. There were 30 brothers and sisters. Six sisters and 24 brothers. Twenty of the brothers were armed.

Huey P. Newton was not with us. The brothers felt we could not risk Huey getting shot or anything, so we voted that he would stay behind in Oakland. We voted Huey down and wouldn't let him come. We couldn't risk losing him.

When I first drove up, I didn't know where the steps were. The Capitol looked to be about a block or so away from me. I didn't know whether this was the right place or not, because we were specifically looking for the Assembly of the State of California. The reason I didn't know is because of an old thing they'd taught me in school about the Capitol in Washington, D.C. The dome, a round dome, you know, it was supposed to be the "omnipotent area," as brother Eldridge Cleaver puts it. It's the top, and it was supposed to be made up of two houses.

So I assumed it was the same as Washington, D.C. I didn't know if I was going to the right place or not. But I say, "Look, there's some cameramen up there." Huey says there's always cameramen around these places, so I thought, "This is probably it." The other brothers had parked their cars and had come back around to where we were. We got out of the car and got all our guns out. You know we always follow the laws. As soon as the brothers got out of the car, they were putting rounds into the chambers because Huey and I researched those laws in the past. We had to follow the law to the letter. There was a fish and game code law that you couldn't have a loaded shotgun or rifle in a car. That didn't refer to a pistol,

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but to a shotgun or a rifle. We read those laws thoroughly. You know Huey went to law school. But the thing is that we got the gun loaded by jacking those rounds off into the chamber, so everybody jacked a round off into their rifles. Of course, the brothers with the pistols didn't have to jack no rounds off into the chambers because they already knew what Huey had taught them—that a pistol could be loaded in a car, and what was meant by loaded.

The loaded rifle or shotgun meant an unexpended cartridge in the chamber. The law also read that unexpended cartridges in the magazine do not constitute a loaded gun. That is, bullets that haven't been fired do not constitute a loaded gun, even if they are in the magazine. But if there was an unexpended cartridge or bullet inside the chamber of a rifle or a shotgun, then it was considered to be loaded. So the brothers got out of the car. You could see brothers, just jacking rounds off into the chambers.

A lot of people were looking. A lot of white people were shocked, just looking at us. I know what they were saying, "Who in the hell are those niggers with these guns? Who in the hell are those niggers with these guns? What are they doing?"

One or two white people, they probably passed it off, "Oh this is just a gun club," and this is where Bob Dylan gets down onto Mr. Jones, "You don't know what's going on." Because this was getting to be a colossal event and those people did not know what the hell was going on. Some of them did look at us like we were just a gun club. But a lot of them only had questions on their faces of, "What the hell are those damn niggers doing with these goddamn rifles?" They actually stopped and looked at us and stood up there around the Capitol, and stared up from the grass and looked at us. I didn't pay a damn bit of attention to them because we knew our Constitutional rights and all that stuff about the rights of citizens to have guns. The Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and no police or militia force can infringe upon that right. It states that specifically.

Anyway, all the brothers got up, and I said, "All right brothers, let's roll." We started walking and moving. We didn't walk in military form or anything like that. We just moved. We were scattered all across the sidewalk. We were not in any rank, but we held our guns straight up because Huey had taught us not to point a gun at anyone because not only was it unsafe, but at the same time there was a law against just the pointing of a gun. Huey had researched this very thoroughly. We didn't want to do anything to justify the pigs vampin' down on us, which they would love to do if they had a pretext.

SO ALL THE BROTHERS had that stuff down. They all had their guns pointed straight up in the air or pointed straight down to the ground as they carried them. We were walking up the sidewalk. I remember a brother in the background saying, "Look at Reagan run." I thought that he was just referring to something symbolic, but I did find out later on, after all this shit was over, that Reagan *was* over there with a bunch of kids. We'd walked almost up this long 20-foot-wide sidewalk leading up

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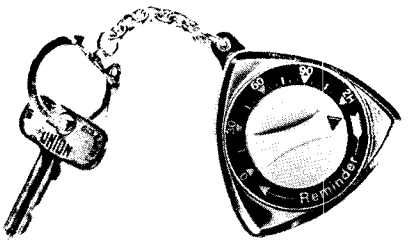

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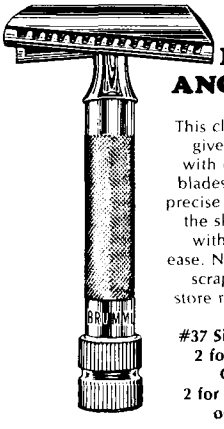

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to the first steps of the Capitol, and one of the dudes said, "Look at Reagan run." Now this is very important, because we found out later that Reagan had had 200 Future Youth, Future Leaders they call them. He was speaking to them on the lawn of the Capitol. I was looking straight up at the front of the Capitol building and I saw a couple of cameramen running around up there. Reagan was somewhere to our left or right with 200 youths and someone said, "Look at Reagan run."

I found out later that Reagan had righteously spotted us. One of the brothers saw Reagan turn around and start trotting away from the whole scene because here come all these hard-faced brothers. These brothers were off the block; righteous brothers off the block. What they call from the nitty gritty and the grass roots. You could look at their faces and see the turmoil they've lived through. Their ages ranged anywhere from sixteen, which was about the youngest we had there, that was Bobby Hutton, all the way down to myself, thirty-one. I guess I was about the oldest.

We got righteously down and walked on up to the first stairs, and then we walked on up to the next stairs. Bobby Hutton was on my right side and Warren Tucker was on my left side. Bobby Hutton had a 12-gauge shotgun, a High Standard 12-gauge pump shotgun, that's what Bobby Hutton had. And Warren Tucker had a .357 Magnum. We walked all the way up, and they stayed right next to me.

We got to the stairs. Now personally I do not remember reading Executive Mandate Number One on the stairs, like I was ordered to do. I don't remember reading it there, but the brothers told me and everybody told me that I did in fact read it.

I'm on the stairs and I'm trying to make my mind up about going in. It wasn't no long process by which I had to make up my mind. Huey's emphasis on going into the Capitol was based on the fact that there might be a string of National Guards and policemen there, in case they found out we were coming. I heard the security guard over there talking to these two brothers, when I glanced over there a second time, and I heard him say, "You aren't violating anything with your gun, so if you want to, you can go inside." And that made my mind up for me. But I also made up my mind in another context too. That I personally wanted to see the area where a citizen has a right to observe the legislature. I read in the paper that Mulford was an assemblyman from the 16th Assembly District in Oakland, so it was the Assembly that I wanted to see. I waved to all the brothers. I said, "All right brothers, come on, we're going in here. We're going inside."

The brothers were scattered all out in front of the Capitol. One of the cameramen walked up to me. "Are you going inside the Capitol?" he said. I said, "Yeah, we're going inside." And I snatched the door open, and me and Bobby Hutton and the rest of the brothers, we walked off in that door. Warren Tucker was on my left and brother Bobby Hutton, with his 12-gauge shotgun, was on my right. We walked off into the lobby area. All around, to my right, to my left, everywhere, there were people, predominantly white people, who looked shocked. Man, they were shocked.

And then as we began to walk, I noticed one thing. They moved and stepped aside, and I saw some with their mouths hanging open, just looking, and they were saying with their eyes and their faces and expressions, "Who in the hell are these niggers with these guns?" And some of them were just saying, "Niggers with guns, niggers with guns," and I pointed those out as enemies because they were confused. They were a bunch of Mr. Joneses who still didn't know what the hell was going on. I saw three or four faces that really caught what was going on and knew what was going on. They must have been in the Assembly and heard Mulford talking about us because they frowned their faces up and looked at us like a bunch of pig-racists, like I've seen racist pigs look at me and Huey, like they want to kill us.

I SAW A LONG HALL in front of me, a very long hall. I said, "We're looking for the Assembly." I saw a sign that said "Senate" and had an arrow that pointed to the right. But I was looking for the Assembly and I hadn't seen any sign. So I walked on. As we walked down the hall, cameramen were running from our left and from our right, around Bobby and around Tucker, jumping in front of us taking flicks

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and clicking flicks. Cameramen with movie cameras were shooting, but that didn't make any difference. I just tightened up and squeezed the mandate I had rolled up and kept walking. I stopped and said, "Where in the hell's the Assembly? Anybody in here know where you go in and observe the Assembly making these laws?" Nobody said nothing. Then somebody hollered out, "It's upstairs on the next floor."

We went up to the second floor and started walking again. By this time there were so many cameramen in front of us, backing up and taking pictures of us walking down the hall. Movie cameramen, still cameramen, regular cameras. Bulbs were flashing all over the place. I got about midway down the hall when I saw a gate. I didn't relate to the gate at first, but I turned around and asked a reporter, "Could you please tell me where I go to observe the Assembly making the laws? I want to go there. I want to see Mulford supposedly making this law against we black people." That's what I was thinking to myself—I want to *see this*. So he says, "Straight down, sir." I went ahead and saw this gate. As I was approaching the gate, when I was about five or six feet from it, this pig jumps out, this state pig, and says, "Where the hell are you going?" I said, "I'm going to observe the Assembly. What about it?"

"You can't come in here!"

"What the hell you mean, I can't come in here? You gonna deny me my Constitutional right? Every citizen's got a right to observe the Assembly. What's wrong with you?" And while the conversation was going on, the reporters were vampin' inside the gate. And so many reporters were trying to get in there, they bammed and knocked the pig all up against the wall. Trying to get them pictures. The only thing that was in front of me was the pig, and just a little gate. Swing gate, like a swinging door, but it was only about three feet high. When the reporters vamped all over the pig, he just moved out of the way, and I just proceeded to move on.

As I proceeded to move, the reporters always had a way for me to travel. I noticed the way to go was to the right, so I moved to the right, and as I moved to the right, I could see a kind of heavy-set short man, about five foot six inches or five foot seven. As I approached a big door that was three or four times as tall

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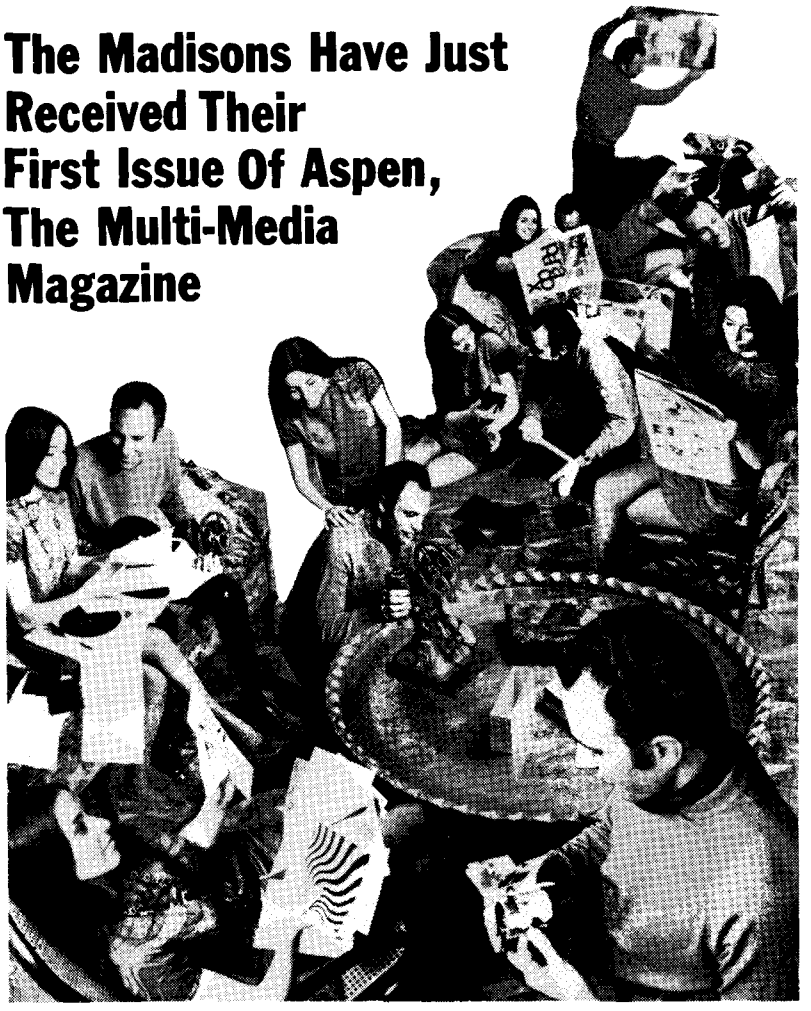

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HILL & WANG

as I was, he was opening the door. He was opening the door in a manner of, "Yes, sir, you *sure can* come in. Come right on in, sir! You have the *gun!*" That's what he was saying. You have the gun. Come in. And he opened the door in a very humble manner. Like a servant. Like a vassal. That's the way he opened that door. He was scared.

I WALKED INSIDE, and as I did, I saw a lot of what we call "back seats." Back seats in a theater. Inside the Assembly. I looked to the left and I looked to the right. I walked to my left. There was an aisle over there. Cameramen and reporters jumped all in front of me. Something funny about them cameramen and reporters getting up in that aisle to my left. A lot of them came in another door. Because I know they weren't in front of me when I hit that door. They must have come in another door.

As I was walking to my left, I remember hearing this speaker, the Assembly speaker, saying, "Get those cameramen out of here, they're not supposed to be in here." As I got to the aisle, Eldridge Cleaver was there all of a sudden. Eldridge Cleaver was there, and Warren Tucker was halfway up the aisle, with a .357 Magnum on his side. I glanced up, and I saw some so-called black representatives in the legislature who we refer to as "Toms, sellouts, bootlickers."

They were looking at the man as if to say, "Why did they have to come here?" They hated us being there, those bootlickers. I looked at those bootlickers, those Uncle Toms, very intensely. I didn't care for them because they never represented us there. And this kind of humble-shoulderedness and looking back, "Well, here they are, they're here. What are they doing here?"

Someone was saying, "This is not where you're supposed to be. This is not where you're supposed to be." We were trying to decide whether to stay there on the floor of the Assembly or go upstairs. We were trying to discuss that in a very short span of time, in less than a minute. The next thing I know, a pig and Bobby Hutton passed behind my back. Bobby was cussing the pig out who had snatched his gun out of his hand, who had snuck up behind him and snatched his gun out of his hand. Bobby Hutton was cussing the pig back, "What the hell you got my gun for? Am I under arrest or something? If I'm not under arrest, you give me my gun back. You ain't said I was under arrest." He was remembering very well what Huey had taught. Always ask if you are under arrest. And if you're not under arrest, then you stand on your Constitutional rights.

So I turned and ran up to the side of the pig and said, "Is the man under arrest? What the hell are you taking his gun for?" He said, "You're not supposed to be in here. This is not where you're supposed to be." I asked him, "Is he under arrest? If he ain't under arrest, what the hell you got his gun for?" Another pig walks up and hands this same pig a gun, which I recognized as the same gun which Mark Comfort had had, a 30-.06. I walked out of those big doors, this pig, me and Bobby. Bobby on one side and I'm on the other side, and Bobby cussing the pig out, calling him all kind of motherfuckers and telling them to give him his gun back if he ain't under arrest.

Just as we got to the elevator, the pig grabbed ahold of my right shoulder. I kept asking him if I were under arrest. He pushed me, and when he pushed I went into the elevator. I said, "All right, we under arrest, brothers. We must be under arrest. Come on in, let's go." Because just before the pig grabbed me, he still never said I was under arrest. So I think I accepted this kind of informal thing of him arresting us at this point. Then it flashed in my mind. The mandate . . . the message that Huey sent . . . I haven't read it. I gotta read the message, I gotta read the message. So nine or ten of the brothers just crowded in the elevator with guns, and some reporters got on that elevator too. We went down to the first floor and we went to the right, into a little room with a counter. The room was about ten feet long and six feet wide. All of a sudden I saw all these cameramen poking their cameras in the doors. I said, "Yeah . . . the mandate." The message that Huey told me to read. The message. Gotta get the message over. So I pulled the message out and opened it up, and I read the whole thing. In the background Bobby Hutton was cussing them pigs out and telling them to give him his gun back: "You give me my gun back. You ain't placing me under arrest. You give me my gun back. You ain't placing

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me under arrest." That might have been mentioned three or four times. He called the pigs all kind of motherfuckers, which even came over on TV, I heard later on.

At this point, after I finished reading the message, right at this point, a black pig walked in. A nigger pig, a "Negro" pig walked in. As he was passing in front of me I said, "Look man, are we under arrest or not?" And he says, "No, you're not under arrest." "Then dammit," I said, "give these black brothers back their guns." At this point he said, "They're going to get their guns." I said, "Well, give them back to them!" And Bobby Hutton tore into them, "Bastard, load my gun back up. You unloaded my gun. I seen you unload. You unloaded my gun. Load it back up, just like you had it. Give me my gun back."

I glanced over at the counter there, and they were doing something to the guns, the 30-.06 and Bobby Hutton's pump shotgun. Next thing I know they had the guns back in their hands. I looked around and they had the guns back in their hands. I was looking at all these cameramen. They asked me some questions. Somebody said to read it again. Said he didn't catch it. I read the mandate again, right inside that little room. When I finished reading it, I figured it was time to go. So I said, "Let's go." We cut out and came out the door. Then some cameraman walked up to me and asked me to read the message once more. So I read it again. First I was on the upper steps in front of the Capitol. I read it and then I got down to the lower steps and read the message still another time. I said, "All right, brothers, let's go."

At that time I knew that what Huey P. Newton was saying about the colossal event had occurred. Because many, many cameramen were there. Many, many people had covered this event of black people walking into the Capitol, and registering their grievance with a particular statement. A message, Executive Mandate Number One, that Huey P. Newton had ordered me to take to the Capitol, to use the mass media as a means of conveying the message to the American people and to the black people in particular. We walked out and got to the car and brother Eldridge Cleaver came up behind me. And Eldridge said, "Brother, we did it. We did it, man. We put it over." I said, "That's right, brother, we sure did."

So I say, "All right, brothers, let's go. Let's get out of this town." I remember telling the brothers, "The sisters got some chicken." The brothers were crowding up. Some of them were slightly behind us, and I said, "Let's go. We gonna go eat all this fried chicken that we got here, 'cause I'm hungry and it's hot in this town. It's hot, brother." So I went and got in my car, and I looked back for those people who'd parked behind me.

As I was opening the door, I looked up and saw a pig at the corner walking south on the sidewalk from his car. He had his gun in his hand. I jumped out. I come on out of the car. I proceeded to walk straight towards him. I stopped and he stopped. I said, "Now wait a minute." I said, "Now first thing you have to do is you have to put that gun away. Put it back in that holster. If you want to make an arrest you can make an arrest, but you better put that gun away." And the next thing I heard was brothers jacking rounds, jacking shells off into the chambers of their guns. When they saw the pig walking up with that gun, they started jacking rounds off. I said, "Put that gun away!" I looked him dead cold in his eyes. He was a scared pig, with his gun out. He took his gun, after hearing all them rounds, and me telling him to put his gun back, he slid his gun back into his holster, and kept his hands off of it. Right on!

Then I looked up and there was another pig who had walked up near. He'd parked his motorcycle, and jumped on his little radio. I can't remember what the hell he said on his radio but he looked back at me. "We got a right," he said, "we got a right to have identification." I said, "Maybe you do have a right to identification, but you just make sure you keep your damn guns in your holsters!" The next thing I knew, other pigs were driving up. I heard something come over that radio that said, "Arrest them all. On anything. Arrest them all on anything." That's what it said. Then he asked me where had I been. I said we'd been to the Capitol. "Why? What about it?" You know what he asked me? He said, "What are you, a gun club?" I said, "No, we're the Black Panther Party. We're black people with guns. What about it?"

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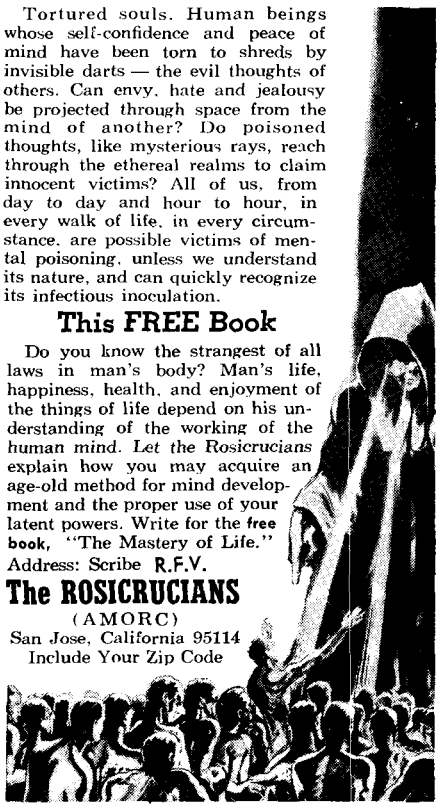

AS I BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY, I saw a lot of pigs coming up; plainclothesmen jumping out of cars, cars in the middle of the streets, everything. I still wasn't disturbed by them at all. I was just walking. Some plainclothesman came up. "You got any identification?" I said, "Yeah, I got identification." I saw a pig opening a door of one of the cars. I ran over to the car. I said, "Keep your hands off." And then I said, "Is he under arrest? Is he under arrest?" He says, "Yes, he's under arrest."

I turned around and two pigs were sneaking up behind Sherman Forte. Before I could say anything, they grabbed hold of both of his arms, and one of the pigs snatched his pistol out of his holster. And I say, "Is he under arrest?" "Yeah, he's under arrest." I said, "Take the arrest, Sherman."

The pig asks me again about identification. I went to my back pocket to pull out my wallet, and when I did that the pig, almost simultaneously, grabbed my right arm, and another pig grabbed my left arm and said, "You're arrested for carrying a concealed weapon." Then he snatched my gun out of my holster, holding my arms. They handcuffed me readily, and began to move me to the car.

They drove me to the Sacramento Police Station. As we came out of the elevator there, one pig grabbed the handcuffs and pushed them up real high—real high, so it hurt and pained. And he run me right up against the wall and said, "Now you stand there with your face against the wall." That's what the pig said. And my face *hit that wall*. The wall was very cool. It was a soothing cool. I was glad to lay my face against this cool wall. Sherman Forte was to my left. I looked over at him. "What about it, brother?" "Ah man, it's nothing," he said. "It's all right." "Yeah," I said. "Going to be all right."

They took me to a cell. I asked myself, "Did I fuck up?" I didn't know. I was very tired. I got on the other side of the door, three or four feet away from it, lay down, and righteously fell off to sleep. . . .

Somebody was unlocking the cell. There was Eldridge. "Oh, goddamn it." That hurt me. That hurt me bad. I said, "Goddamn, Eldridge is arrested!" I knew that was bad. Eldridge was on parole. I said, "Eldridge isn't going to get out of jail." I felt so bad. I says, "Man, they got you arrested. You might have to go back to prison." Eldridge said, "Fuck it. It was worth it, because we did it."

After a while, Mark Comfort and I got bailed out, and we went back home and went about trying to raise some bail for Eldridge and those other brothers who were still in jail.

THE BROTHERS ARE BAILED OUT. HUEY GREETS THEM AS REVOLUTIONARIES.

WE GOT BACK UP to Sacramento the next morning and there was supposed to be a court hearing at nine concerning the lowering of the bail, which had been arranged by Beverly Axelrod and another lawyer in Sacramento. Huey held a press conference and I mean he blew those pigs away. He talked about the power structure like for the first time, like it had never been talked about before. He brought out significant things about why we had guns, the reason we had guns. We had guns to defend ourselves against the 400-year-old brutality and oppression.

And they was asking him was he anti-white. He says, "No, I'm not anti-white. I don't hate a person because of the color of his skin, because I wouldn't stoop to the level of a Ku Klux Klansman, to hate a person because of the color of his skin. I hate the oppression that we're subjected to daily by racist pigs and other racists who attack and murder and brutalize us. Those who have been brutalizing us for 400 years." And Huey just ran it all down about wars, politics without bloodshed. Politics is war without bloodshed—and war is a continuation of politics, with bloodshed.

You talk about antagonistic contradictions and nonantagonistic contradictions that exist between the people and those who're supposed to represent them in the government. I remember him running down about how the antagonistic contradictions are created by the power structure attacking the people, or attacking those who disagree with the basic political decisions that have been made by the power structure and put on the people's heads. And when the people disagree with those political decisions made by the power structure, the power structure always sends in guns and force. By sending in guns and force, attacking the people, the contradiction becomes

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very, very antagonistic.

Therefore the people should always stand, and they do stand, for peace. The people, the masses of the people, want peace. The masses of the people do not want war. In fact, Huey, quoting Chairman Mao, said the Black Panther Party advocates the abolition of war. But at the same time, we realize that the only way you can get rid of war, many times, is through a process of war. Therefore, Huey says, the only way you can get rid of guns is to get rid of the guns of the oppressor. The people must be able to pick up guns, to defend themselves against all forms of aggression, all forms of racism—all forms of *real* racism.

We went off in the courtroom to sit down, and the lawyer from Sacramento and Beverly Axelrod were making motions for lowering of bail, and we looked and listened. And the judge didn't want to lower the bail. He started citing off the records of brothers who had been arrested before, them hard-core brothers off the block. Even Emory Douglas, an artist, who went to college, or art school, art college of some kind for two years, the judge just run a record on him, where he'd been arrested three, four times, spent five, six months in jail. Seemed like everybody had a record there some kind of way.

They came down to Eldridge Cleaver's record and Beverly Axelrod began to explain how Eldridge Cleaver was arrested. That he didn't have a gun or anything. That in fact, and it was true, RAMPARTS had sent him up there. That he was a writer for RAMPARTS, and he knew about the fact that the Panthers were going, so RAMPARTS sent him up there to cover the story as a reporter. And Beverly Axelrod blew so beautiful about how Eldridge Cleaver was snatched up off the corner just because he was black. She went further to prove this to the judge about how everybody had witnessed a black woman, who was a citizen of Sacramento, and not a Black Panther, being snatched up by the pigs and taken apart just because she was black. That was very important, I think. And she said that's why Eldridge Cleaver was arrested, a man with a camera in his hand, without a gun, who was taking pictures just like 20 other cameramen took pictures on that corner, the same corner where the Black Panther Party got arrested.

And she blew a beautiful set, Beverly Axelrod, in defense of Eldridge, that they should release Eldridge, that he's on parole, and there's no reason for them to hold him. They arrested him erroneously, etc., which they did. Because that's exactly what Eldridge was doing. Eldridge was righteously covering. Although Eldridge was a Panther at the time, he didn't have a gun, and he was functioning as a reporter. That's exactly what he was doing. And so she blew.

Then they got to citing Eldridge's record. They talked about how Eldridge was arrested on rape. How Eldridge was arrested on dope. How Eldridge was arrested on attempted murder. How Eldridge was arrested again, another time, on assault with a deadly weapon. How Eldridge was arrested all these ways, and Huey P. Newton, I remember him saying, "That's a *bad* nigger." But the same time, after he spent nine years in prison, he's learned like Malcolm X. He knows, like Malcolm X, the reasons why we get caught in the snare of oppression. He knows because he's seen the man naked in prison for nine years. He's seen the power structure, and how the prisons act, how they're so naked with their brutality and how they're so naked with their confinement of prisoners. He's seen it, and so like Malcolm X he's come out of prison. And all he wanted to do was get him some money so he could go to college. So he could study something. And this is what Huey referred to at that time: "That's a bad brother, that's a bad brother, because he'll never forget, and he'll be very dedicated." Huey said, "We've got to get him out, got to get him out some way."

So they talked about, they announced the fact that the brothers supposed to appear the next day at the Municipal Court across the street, Sacramento, and me and Huey went home and came back the next day and we appeared in court and me and Huey vowed that if the brothers wasn't out by Friday at two o'clock, that by hook or crook, any way we can, we gonna get that money, to bail them brothers out, by hook or crook. So we was worried about the money. Figured we had a few funds coming in. And we was going to get that money, we was going to bail all them brothers out. But our most extreme worry, our major worry, was Eldridge Cleaver. Because Eldridge Cleaver was on parole, he just spent nine years in prison and he could possibly go back to prison. And that's

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what we worried about the most.

Huey said, "The reason we're going to get those brothers out is because those brothers off the block who stuck with the organization, who took time to learn the principles of the organization, who took time to learn the ideology of the organization, and who took time to understand and follow the leadership of the organization, *they* are the real true heroes, not us, Bobby." I say, "You're right, Huey, I know that, you're right. By hook or crook I'm with you. We going to get the money to get them brothers out of jail."

THE NEXT DAY WE CAME UP early in the morning, and before them brothers came to court, we cornered a bail bondsman, a jive motherfuckin' bail bondsman. We found him out later on to be a really jive dude. He was a black one. Name was Glen Holmes, who was in Sacramento. He had a statewide license. He could bail out anybody all over the state. We called on him and started talking to him. And Huey got on one side of him and I got on the other side of him. And we got to rapping to him. We got to talking to that brother so strong and so hard and so fast, and running it down to him why he should bail these brothers out of jail, the fact that we have enough publicity to raise the money, just that we have to get these brothers out of jail *now*. And these brothers, their feet got to hit the ground. Work hard. This is something that Huey always stressed, and I really learned this from Huey, the meaning of being dedicated to pulling brothers out of jail.

Huey was rapping to that dude, Glen Holmes, and running it down to him about how he supposed to go forth and bail the brothers out on credit. Glen Holmes was the dude who went on and bailed me and Mark Comfort out initially on half credit, 'cause all they had put up was half the bail. But we talked to him before the court appearance came about. He says, "All right, I'll do it." And Glen Holmes did it. He said,"They'll be out by six o'clock this evening." And Huey said, "Well, we said two o'clock, but if they can hit the ground free like this by six o'clock, good." So we waited for the court appearance, for the arraignment, and they arraigned the brothers, charged us all with conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor, the said misdemeanor being disturbing the peace. Disturbing the decorum of the legislature.

Conspiracy to break any law, I mean a conspiracy is that you conspire to break a law. But we wasn't guilty of no such thing. 'Cause as I already told you, Huey only told me to go to the steps, and we went inside the place and that's my decision, to go inside the place to observe the legislature. But who disturbed it? And the facts that we was running down, TV cameramen disturbed it. The first thing that the speaker said when we walked inside, and when the cameramen flushed through another door and run all up the aisles, the speaker said, "Get those cameramen out of here! Who brought those news reporters in? Get those cameramen out of here, they have no right to be in here, and bloppety bloppety blop," that's what he said. He never said get those Panthers out of here with those guns, never said that all through the whole set. It never was said. I mean that's the legal technicality of the whole thing. 'Course I served five months in jail, and Tucker served six, along with some other Panthers who served some other misdemeanor time.

Anyway, we got the brothers out of jail. Six o'clock we was waiting for them. They start filing them out. They filed the brothers out, and as each brother would come out, Huey would give a big hug and pat the brother on the strong, revolutionary back, hit him on the strong, revolutionary back, and say, "Brother, are you glad you did it?" And the brother say, "Right on." Huey said, "We did a good job," and hit every brother on the back that come downstairs. And Warren Tucker, the man on my left, with the .357 Magnum, was the last one to come out. He said, "Well, goddamn. I was gettin' ready to say, these motherfuckers *better* let me out of this motherfucker." He saw everybody else leaving. Anyway, we got those brothers, and Huey greeted them as revolutionaries. Huey greeted them as dedicated brothers, and we piled them in the cars, and we took them back home, to their home, in the confines of a decadent ghetto that they live in, in Oakland. Bought them a beer or two, let them drink the beer. We still had our juveniles in. Hadn't got them out yet. Bobby Hutton, Oleander Harrison, one other brother who was in North Oakland working on the poverty program with me, and two other brothers of Mark Comfort's.

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YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING, MR. JONES!

WE MOVED ON to lay out the Black Panther Party paper and produce the paper and get it out. We moved the paper to Beverly Axelrod's house. This was about eight or nine blocks south of the Haight-Ashbury district over in San Francisco. It was a nice, big house, and we moved over there for room and space, and to get things together. We righteously got it together. Eldridge was pounding out some articles and a chick, Barbara Auther, she was pounding out some articles.

We called up a photographer, one of the white mother country radical photographers, and got him together and asked him to shoot some pictures of Huey because we knew it was necessary for us to try and get a centralized symbol of the leadership of black people in the black community. We had to centralize it in some kind of way, so we decided we wanted to shoot a picture of Huey. This photographer came over with his cameras and his tripods and Eldridge set the scene. The photographer took a number of different shots. We got this African wicker chair and shields, and we had a shotgun over there, and Eldridge said, "Take the gun, and put the spear here." He artistically put that picture together that everyone sees of Huey P. Newton sitting in the chair, with the shotgun and the spear, and the shields sitting on each side of the chair.

The shields were very important, because Huey was articulating that we use the spear and the shield, and the shield is very significant. Huey would say many times that a long, long time ago, there was a man who invented a spear, and he frightened a whole lot of people. But, Huey said, the people invented a shield against the spear. The people weren't so frightened after all. So this is really what Huey P. Newton symbolized with the Black Panther Party, that he represented a shield for black people against all the imperialism, and the decadence, and the aggression and the racism in this country. That's what Huey P. Newton symbolized with us. That's the way we projected it. The headlines of the Party paper were "The Truth About Sacramento," because there were so many lies about the Black Panther Party, and the Black Panther Party being in Sacramento. Lies by the regular mass media —television and radio and the newspapers, etc. Those who thought the Panthers were just a bunch of jive—just a bunch of crazy people with guns. Many, many a Mr. Jones was messed up. Many and many an Uncle Tom and our backward brainwashed black men had a misconception about the whole thing, when you get down to it.

While we were laying that paper out, in the background you could hear a record, and the record was named "Ballad of a Thin Man" by Bob Dylan. Now the melody is in my mind. I actually hear it, I could hear the melody to this record. I could hear the sound and the beat to it. But I really didn't hear the words. This record played one night after we stayed up laying out the paper. And it played the *next* night after we stayed up laying out the paper. Now I think it was around the third afternoon that the record was playing. We played that record over and over and over. Lot of

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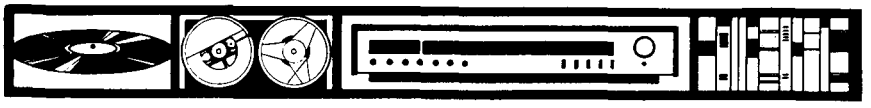

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brothers stayed over there with a lot of shotguns for security and stuff like that. It was a righteous security in those days though, because there wasn't any bullshit.

Other than that, this record was playing, and I think we oughta see what this record was saying. First that, and then I'll point out specifically what Huey P. Newton made me recognize in the lyrics. Not only the lyrics of the record, but what the lyrics meant in the record. What the lyrics meant in the history of racism that has perpetuated itself in this world. We were listening to the record of Bobby Dylan, Bobby Dylan's record of the "Ballad of a Thin Man."

HENRY MILLER SAYS...

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THIS IS THE SONG BY Bobby Dylan that Huey interpreted so well. There is a part in this song when I used to hear this melody in the background. Huey would say: "Listen, listen—man, do you hear what he is saying?" Huey had such insight into how racism existed, how racism had perpetuated itself. He had such a way of putting forth in very clear words what he related directly to those symbols, to those symbolic things or words that were related to specific symbols that were coming out from Bobby Dylan. The point about the geek is very important because this is where Huey hung me. I asked, "What do you mean?" I said: "Explain to me about this." What I'm saying is that Huey had asked me to stop and listen very closely to this song. He would really explain the meaning of the song because the song was so highly related to society itself.

I remember as the song got to the point where he was talking about this cat handing in his ticket and he walked up to the geek, and the geek handed him a bone. Well, this didn't relate to me, so I said: "Huey, look, wait a minute, man." I said, "What you talking about a geek? What is a geek? What the hell is a geek?" And Huey explains it. He says, "A geek is usually a circus performer. Maybe he was an experienced trapeze artist who was injured. He's been in the circus all his life and he knows nothing else but circus work. But he can't be a trapeze artist anymore because he's been injured very badly, but he still needs to live, he needs to exist, he needs pay. So the circus feels very sorry for him and they give him a job. They give him the most cruddy kind of job because he's not really good for anything else. They put him into a cage, then people pay a quarter to come in to see him. They put live chickens into the cage and the geek eats the chickens up while they're still alive . . . the bones, the feathers, all. And of course, he has a salary, because the audience pays a quarter to see him. He does this because he has to. He doesn't like eating raw meat, or feathers, but he does it to survive. But these people who are coming in to see him are coming in for entertainment, so they are the real freaks. And the geek knows this, so during his performance, he eats the raw chicken and he hands one of the members of the audience a bone, because he realizes that they are the real freaks because they get enjoyment by watching what he's doing because he has to. So that's what a geek and a freak is. Is that clear?

"Then to put it on the broader level, what Dylan is putting across is when middle-class people or upper-class people sometimes take a Sunday afternoon off and put their whole family into a limousine, and they go down to the black ghettos to watch the prostitutes and watch the decaying community. They do this for pleasure, or for Sunday afternoon entertainment. Of course the people are there, and they don't want to be there. The prostitutes are there because they're trying to live, trying to exist, and they need money. So then that makes the middle-class and upper-class people, who are down there because they get pleasure out of it, freaks.

"And this goes into the one-eyed midget. What is the one-eyed midget? He screams and howls at Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones doesn't know what's happening. Then the one-eyed midget says, 'Give me some milk or else go home.' And this again is very symbolic of people who are disadvantaged. They're patronizing Mr. Jones, the middle-class people. You know, they're not interested in them coming down for entertainment. But if they'll pay them for a trick, then they'll tolerate them, or else they'll drive them out of the ghettos. This song is hell. You've got to understand that this song is saying a hell of a lot about society."

THE WHITE SOCIETY and the middle-class society are surprised to see that black people will pimp chicks on the block. They came down that way because they looked at black people as freaks. They thought black people were into a big freak bag. They thought they had niggers all figured out. But black people were not even niggers. Black people were not backward and apathetic.

Huey says that whites looked at blacks as geeks, as freaks. But what is so symbolic about it is that when the revolution starts, they'll call us geeks because we

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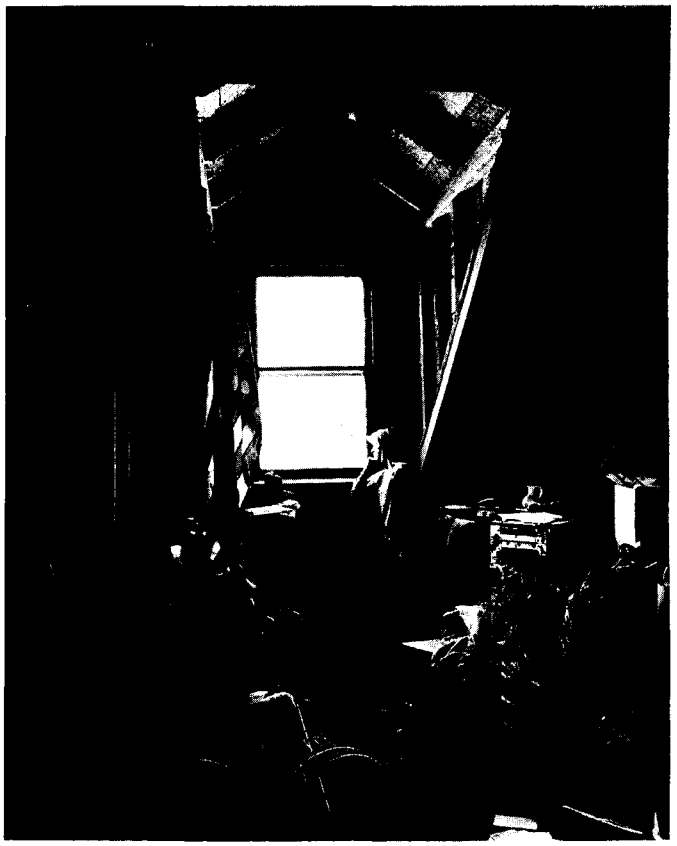

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eat raw meat. But the geek turns around and hands Mr. Jones a naked bone and says, how do you like being a freak? And Mr. Jones says, oh my God, what the hell's goin' on? And Bobby Dylan says, you don't know what's happening, do you Mr. Jones? And to hand him the naked bone was too much—was really too much.

Eldridge Cleaver explains in *Soul on Ice* that the black man has been led around by the white man, the white omnipotent administrator primarily, this is what he's talking about—big businessmen who manipulate and bullshit and control the government. The black man has been led around, and was projected as being led around, with a little piece of tiny string, cord string, that could be broken in a minute. The string was tied around the black man's neck, and the black man was projected as a big gorilla. He was a gorilla. He was inhuman, and he couldn't talk. He's not supposed to be able to think. But the gorilla beats on his chest and says, "I'm a man."

One of the symbolic things that Eldridge was pointing out with this thing was that Cassius Clay said: "I'm the greatest"—the symbolic thing of him beating on his chest. He said in fact, "I'm a man." He said, "I'm a strong man." What shocked the racists, what shocked the omnipotent administrator, is that he looked up at the big gorilla. The string had been broken and he saw this gorilla beating on his chest saying, "I'm a man." That was Cassius Clay.

Cassius Clay would brag. People misunderstood the bragging. All Cassius Clay was saying was that he was defying all this omnipotent, racist bullshit by stepping forward and saying, "I'm the greatest! I can't be hit." He beat on his chest, and when he said that, the white racist omnipotent administrator who had a hold on the string had to ask himself, "Well, if he's a man then what the hell am I?" And that's what Bobby Dylan meant by the geek handing Mr. Jones the naked bone and saying: "How do you like being a freak?" And that's the whole meaning of the question. If he's a man, if he's not a freak, and he tells Mr. Jones he's a freak, then Mr. Jones has to ask, "Am I that?" That's symbolic of saying that if he's a man, what am I?

This song Bobby Dylan was singing became a very big part of that whole publishing operation of the Black Panther paper. And in the background, while we were putting this paper out, this record came up and I guess a number of papers were published, and many times we would play that record. Brother Stokely Carmichael also liked that record. This record became so related to us, even to the brothers who had held down most of the security for the set.

These brothers had some big earphones over at Beverly's house. These big earphones would sit on your ears and had a kind of direct stereo atmosphere and when you got loaded it was something else! These brothers would get halfway high, loaded on something, and they would sit down and play this record over and over and over, especially after they began to hear Huey P. Newton interpret that record. They'd be trying to relate an understanding about what was going on, 'cause old Bobby did society a big favor when he made *that* particular sound. If there's any more he made that I don't understand, I'll just ask Huey P. Newton to interpret them for us and maybe we can get a hell of a lot more out of brother Bobby because old Bobby, he did a good job on that set.

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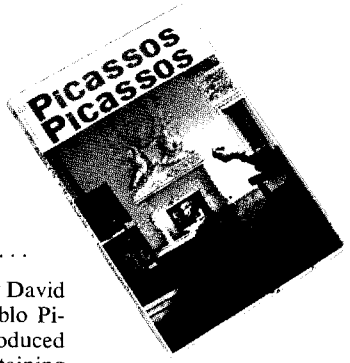

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Create with Light by Projecting onto Walls, Ceilings and Objects Brilliant Kaleidoscopic Constellations of Moving Lights and Colors in Infinite Forms: Clustered, Expanded, Twisting or Strung-out; in White Light or Rainbow-Colored; Held Still or Moved With Sounds. By Day use The Sun; by Night use Any Bright Light (slide projector, spotlight, etc.). Day or Night, *SUNLIGHTS* replaces television and Lights Up Your Life.

"... DeLightful" —Copernicus

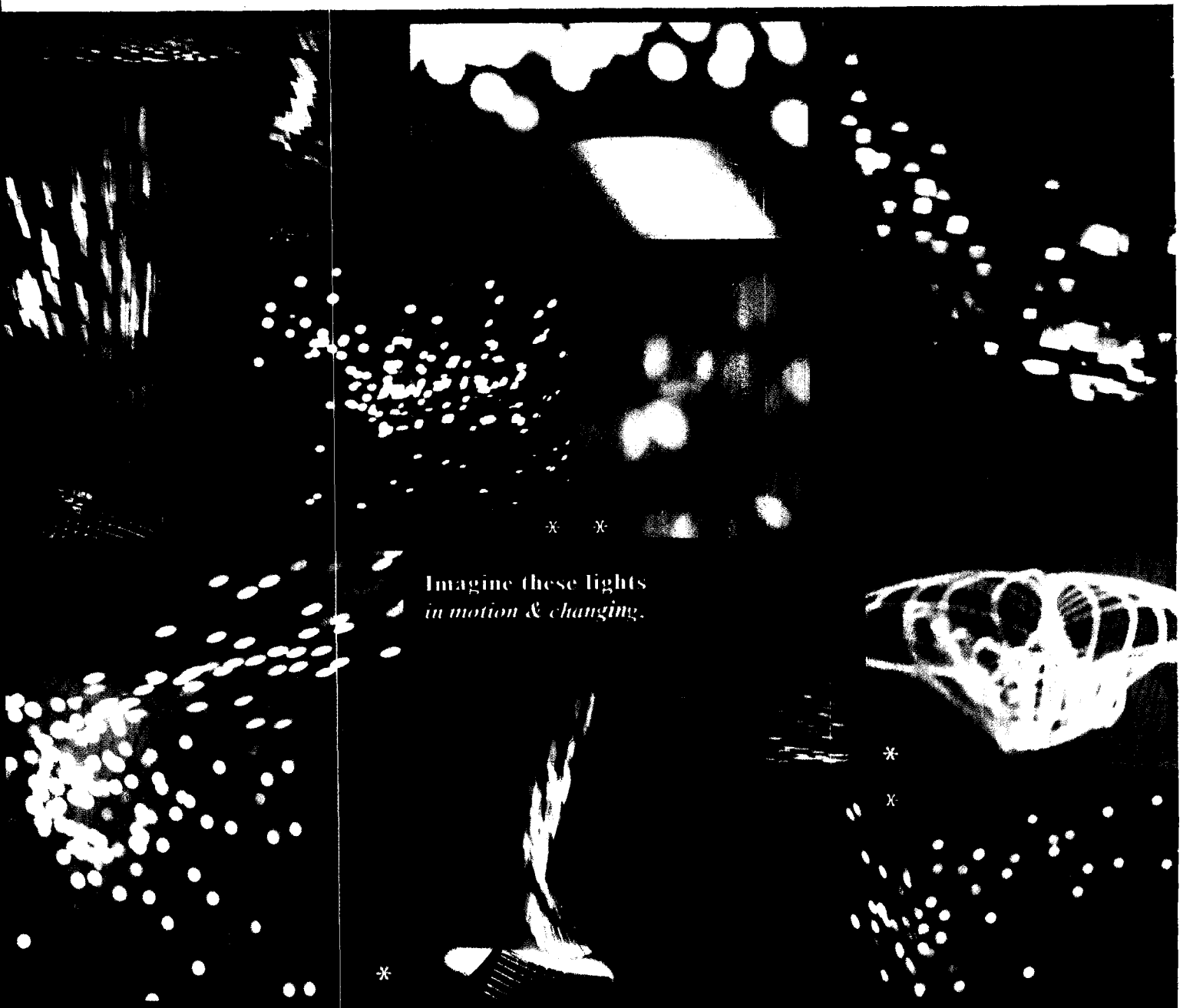
"... Brilliant" —Newton

"... Astronomical" —Keppler

"... Lucid" —Galileo

The Original

SUNLIGHTS



Indicate quantity

☐ SUNLIGHTS—A Complete Lightshow Set
Contains elements shown at right.
Photos above show the possible effects. @ $8.50 ea., ppd.

EXTRA RELATED ELEMENTS: To be used separately or with the complete SunLights set.

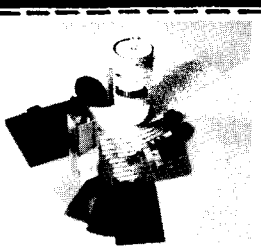
☐ MORE LIGHTS—for Super Lightconstellations
432 small mirrors bound as a flexible sheet. @ $4.00 ea., ppd.

☐ PRISM LIGHT—for Making Pure Color
Refracts light into a rainbow spectrum. @ $4.00 ea., ppd.

☐ KALEIDOLIGHTS—Basic Lightshow Elements
144 flexible mirrors, support pad, 3 color filters. @ $3.00 ea., ppd.

☐ COLOUR PACK—for Coloring Plain Light
Light filters in 25 different colors. @ $2.00 ea., ppd.

☐ LIGHT CHAIN—a Pocket Lightshow
36 small mirrors to produce fun lightforms. @ $1.00 ea., ppd.



THE FACTORY

San Francisco

262 Natoma Street, 94103

My check is enclosed for $_____, the total amount for the selected items. (Be sure to indicate quantities in boxes) Please allow 2 weeks for normal delivery. For AIRMAIL, check here ☐ and add 10% to the total amount.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE ZIP

1. Orders over $25 are entitled to one free Complete Set.
2. Canadian orders please add $1. Thanks.
3. If you aren't deLighted we will refund by air mail.

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